

# The Sketch.

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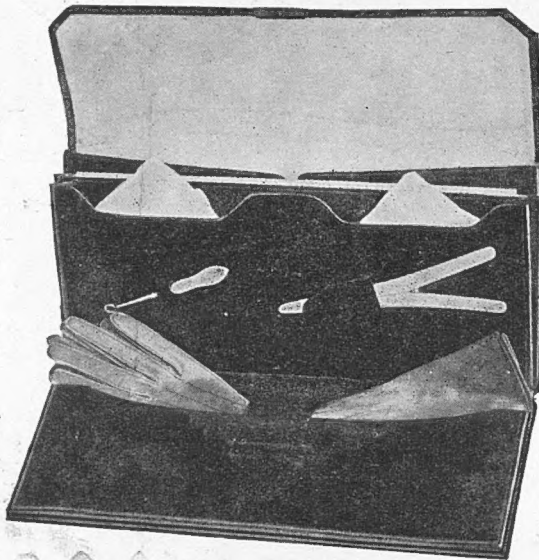
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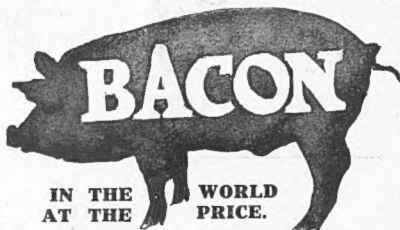
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# The Sketch

No. 966. — Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



THE WHIP-HAND SMILE.

In spite of the "'Vide, 'Vide!'" of angry Unionists, and other forms of hostile demonstration to which he has lately been subjected, Mr. Asquith can afford to smile, for has he not, at present, the whip-hand of the Parliamentary coach? The steeds he drives may be restive and fiery, but they have got to go where he drives them so long as he has the whip-hand. No wonder, then, that he is able to wear the "whip-hand smile."—[Photograph by G.N.]





### Bullied into Hysteria.

"At length the man in the street has been roused from his appalling apathy with regard to the science of aviation." That is the kind of thing most of us must have come across in some newspaper or another, time after time, during the past week or so. For my part, I fail to see why the man in the street should be constantly derided and reviled because he refuses to lose his head at the bidding of the newspapers. They succeeded in making him hysterical about the Boer War, but he got over that. He was settling down, comfortably and decently, to live his life in a sane and sober way. "No you don't!" scream the scare journals. "We've no use for quiet citizens! What we want is to get you out into the streets, yelling, and waving your arms! True, the war is over, but what about flying-machines? You ought to go mad about flying-machines! Shame on you if you don't!" And so the wretched man in the street, convinced of his guilt, gets out of bed at one in the morning and walks to Hendon or some such place to see these young gentlemen sail over the hedge. There are, of course, hundreds of more important things—important to the world at large as well as to the individual—than the science of flying. But they are not "exciting" things, so the newspapers will have none of them. "Hysteria or Nothing!" is their battle-cry, and the man in the street plays their game for them. I am not attempting to belittle the people who make flying-machines, or the young gentlemen who sail about in them. All this is very interesting and ingenious. But, I repeat, it is not of supreme importance to the world.

### The Tearful Journalist.

I read an article the other day written by a man who has tried for some time to adapt himself to the requirements of his paper. Naturally enough, he has overshot the mark. He was describing his sensations on first seeing an aeroplane rise into the air. This was the sort of stuff: "It was the sensation, the amazing memory of a lifetime! When I saw that beautiful monster leave the ground, with a man in it, and soar into the air, I ran forward over the rough ground, stumbling and crying! The tears were running down my cheeks in streams, but I made no effort to check them. It was wonderful, awe-inspiring, beautiful, delicious. . . ." And a lot more tosh of that kind. As a matter of fact, if you are going to burst into tears whenever an aeroplane leaves the ground, you ought to weep your eyes out, and gnash your teeth, and rend your garments whenever a sparrow leaves the ground. It seems to me far more wonderful that a little bird should be able to leave the ground than a powerful machine. Besides, the little bird makes no fuss about it. This same writer was evidently tremendously pleased with himself because he cried when the aeroplane went up. "It was because I have kept my imagination vivid and unspoiled," he explained. "Any man who cries over aeroplanes has kept his imagination vivid and unspoiled. A man who can't cry when he sees an aeroplane leave the ground is a fool and a dullard. I have no wish to meet him. I am far too superior a fellow." Those were not the exact words, but that is what he meant.

### More Wonderful than Aeroplanes.

Somebody ought to take him aside, quietly and kindly, and explain to him that nothing that happens can ever hope to keep pace with a really vivid imagination. Imaginative people are always disappointed with actualities. There is nothing in seeing an aeroplane leave the ground after you have imagined it. Most of us imagined flying-machines at the age of five—far more

wonderful flying-machines than will be invented in our time. That is why we cannot run about crying and stumbling whenever these things clamber into the air. In those days the moon was our nearest destination.

The trouble about writers who turn out this style of gush is that they would be ashamed to display any feeling in connection with the everyday beauties of life. A young girl looking into the eyes of her lover, a village wedding, a mother with her child on her knee, an old man taking his last look into the grave of his lifelong companion—these are the things in life that really matter, that are really wonderful, that should really bring tears to the eyes of a man with sympathy and imagination. But they sneer, bless you, at such commonplace matters. "Sentimentalist!" they scribble, and then scuttle away, sticky and open-mouthed, to stare at a mechanical kite "with a man in it." They get a thrill, of course, because a man is risking his neck, just as the visitors to the meat-canning factories in Chicago get a thrill as they watch the throats of the pigs being cut. Away with such humbug!

### A Personal Paragraph.

I am quite aware that this is not the popular way to write about flying. I suppose I shall make for myself another nice little crop of hostile scribes, who will await their opportunity, and then come for me in a splendidly anonymous rush. Does that really matter? I don't think so. I am a firm believer in the intelligence of the public. I am pretty sure that the public are not deceived by this "crying and stumbling" business, and I am also pretty sure that the public prefers a man's own honest opinions, right or wrong, to the warmed-up and tricked-out opinions of those set in authority over him. To write, for hire, what you don't really think is a sorry way of earning a living. I would rather smoke a clay pipe and sleep under a hedge.

### The First Little Murmur.

I have just come across a letter in a newspaper which goes to show that the public is beginning to tire of this fulsome adulation of the flying-man. "Which is the greater hero," writes "One of the Crowd"—"the man who faces death for so many minutes or hours with the object of gaining money or fame, or the man who faces the continual grind of life for years, with his employer on the one side 'cutting down expenses,' and, on the other side, his wife and children in want of the necessities which he knows he cannot get? He struggles on year after year without any hope of fortune or fame. Is he not the greater hero?"

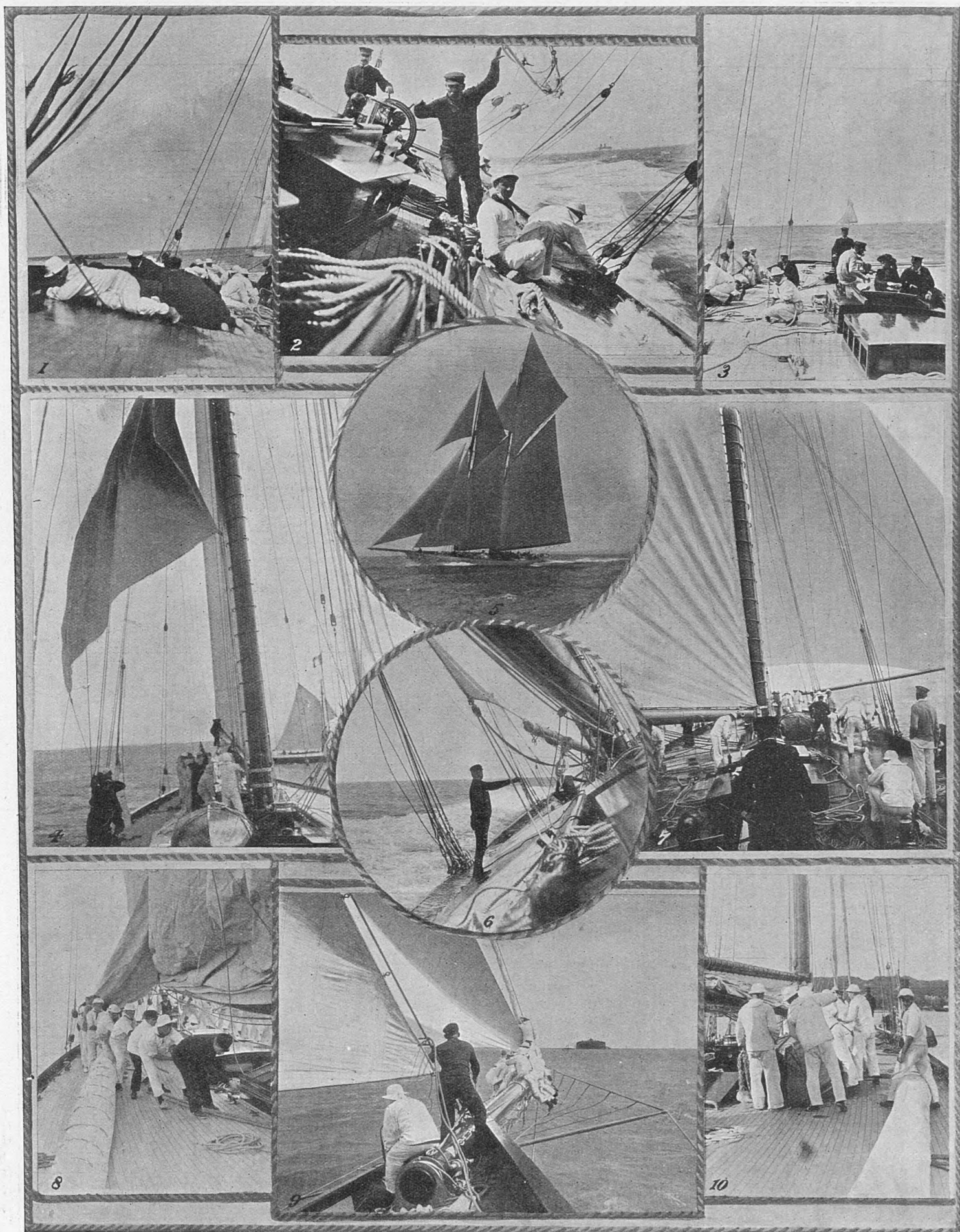
### Bobby Leach's View.

Mr. Bobby Leach, I see, has been at it again. Mr. Leach's idea of life, also, is to pit his little body against the elements and the laws of nature. The Falls of Niagara have a particular fascination for him. I don't know why. I found them exceedingly dull myself, but, in all probability, I was wrong. Mr. Leach, at any rate, likes to get into the stream and be carried over the Falls. At Niagara, of course, they are so accustomed to this sort of thing that the cabmen scarcely take the trouble to turn their heads. Mr. Leach made himself snug in a steel barrel. It did not seem to occur to him to let the barrel go over the Falls by itself. He got inside the barrel, and was taken out with a fractured leg. I sincerely trust he was satisfied. He couldn't have expected to get killed. On the other hand, had he come through without a scratch, the honour would have been due to the man who made the barrel. As it is, the Falls are still there, and there is nothing to hinder Mr. Leach, if he is a man of leisure, from going over them in a steel barrel all day long. There is no moral.



## WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE ON A RACING YACHT.

WHERE THE RUNNERS COST MORE THAN A DERBY WINNER: YACHT-RACING.



1. ON THE DECK OF MR. A. S. COCHRAN'S "WESTWARD": LIVE BALLAST.

2. REACHING FAST.

3. ON THE DECK OF THE "WESTWARD": A LEISURELY GROUP.

4. WORKING A STAY-SAIL.

5. WITH EVERY SLITCH OF CANVAS SET ALOFT

AND ALOW: THE "WESTWARD" IN FULL SAIL.

6. A SPANKING BREEZE.

7. RUNNING WITH THE SPINNAKER OUT.

8. "ALL HANDS STOW SAIL!"

9. GATHERING A HEAD-SAIL.

10. BEFORE A RACE: PREPARATIONS ON BOARD THE "WESTWARD."

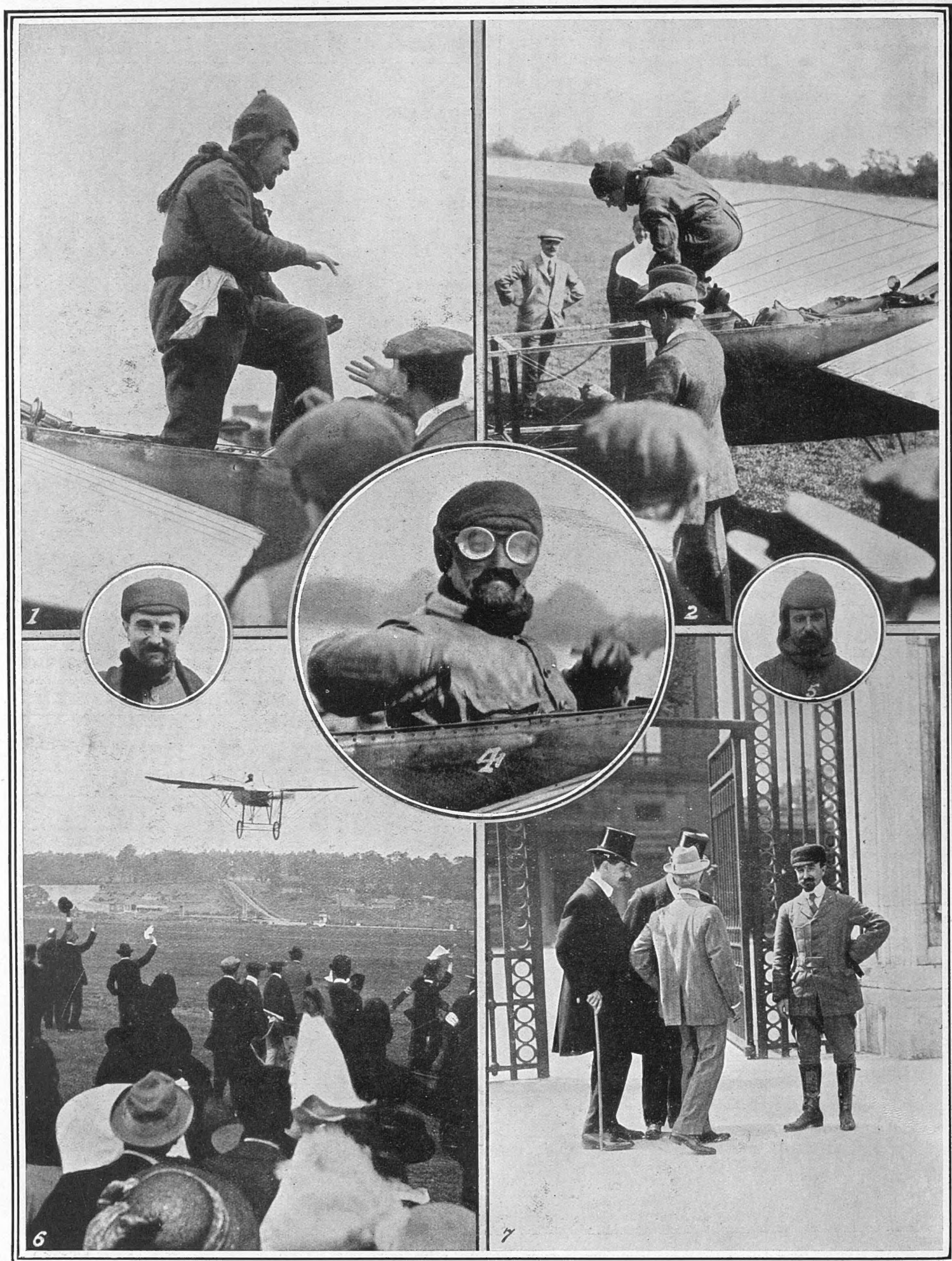
These photographs were taken while racing on board the schooner "Westward," which belongs to Mr. A. S. Cochran, and is one of the most famous of the American racing yachts. Last year she won the German Emperor's Cup at Cowes, and she had altogether eleven first prizes to her credit in "A" class matches during 1910.

Photographs by Sport and General.



## THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABLE TO LOOK DOWN UPON US ALL.

M. BEAUMONT (LIEUTENANT CONNEAU) THE WINNER OF THE GREAT AIR-RACE.



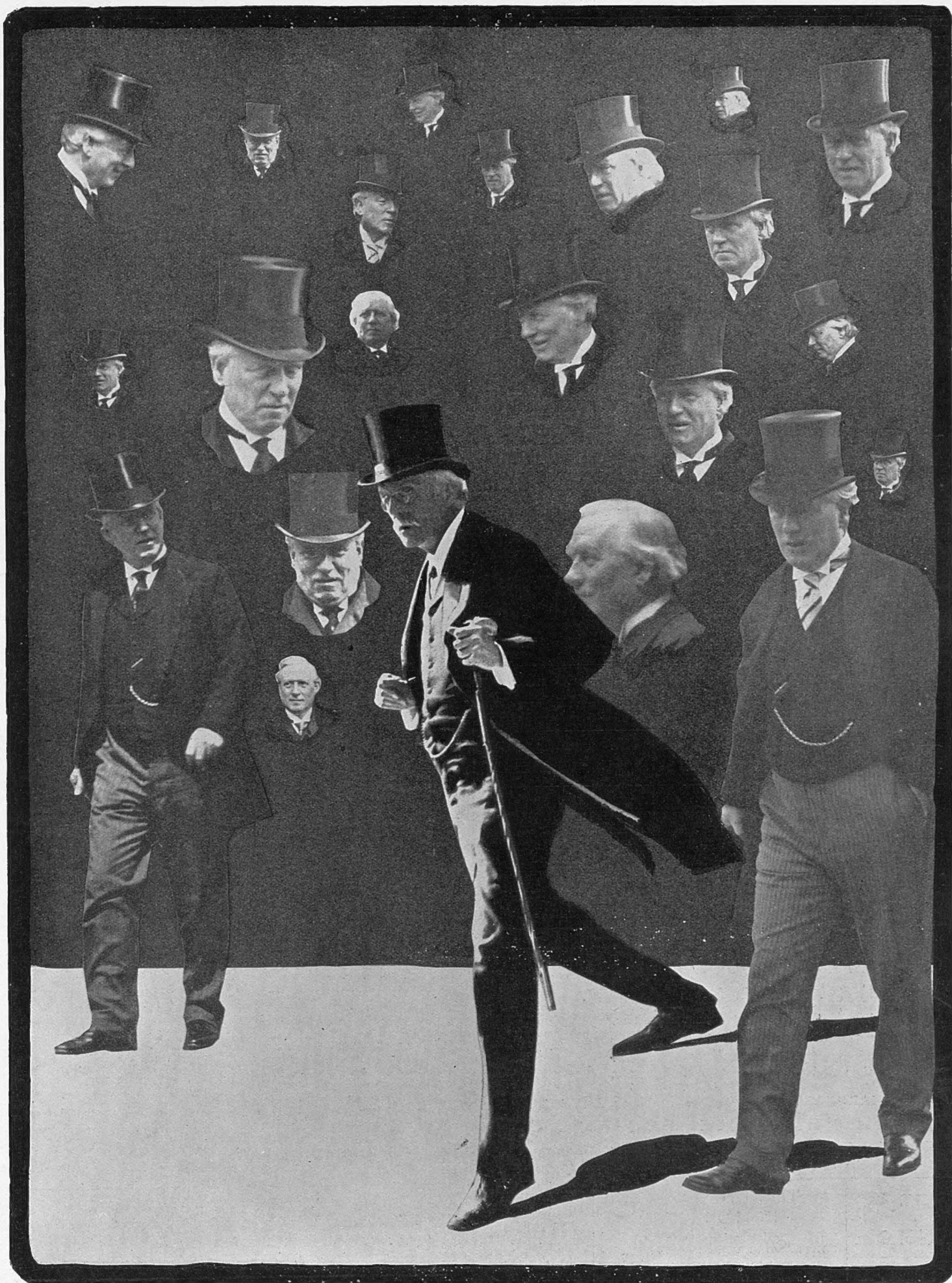
1. "SLIGHTLY TIRED, PERHAPS BECAUSE I HAVE HAD NO REGULAR MEALS FOR THREE DAYS": BEAUMONT AT BRIGHTON.
2. AS FRESH AS IF HE HAD BEEN FOR A TEN-MILE WALK: BEAUMONT LEAPING LIGHTLY FROM HIS MACHINE AT BROOKLANDS.
3. AND 5. BEAUMONT UNMASKED.

4. AS THE BIRDS KNOW HIM: BEAUMONT IN HIS FLYING-CAP AND GOGGLES.
6. COMING HOME TO ROOST: BEAUMONT DESCENDING AT BROOKLANDS.
7. BY NO MEANS IN COURT DRESS: BEAUMONT LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

When a telephone message from Buckingham Palace was received at the Savoy Hotel on Thursday, summoning "M. André Beaumont," alias Lieutenant Jean Conneau, of the French Navy, to go and see the King, the airman was discovered lying low to avoid the attentions of autograph-hunters. When he explained that he had no clothes at hand but those in which he flew, the reply came that that would not matter at all, and his Majesty would prefer to see him thus attired. After the interview, which lasted about half-an-hour, M. Beaumont said of the King: "I found him most charming and sympathetic, perhaps because we are both sailors. I felt as if he were my Admiral and I were one of his officers."—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, C.N., and G.P.U.]



## A PENNY FOR MR. BALFOUR'S THOUGHTS!



"THINK OF THIS, GOOD PEERS, BUT AS A THING OF CUSTOM": MR. BALFOUR  
ATTENDED BY MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Perhaps, after all, we need not go to the expense of offering a penny for Mr. Balfour's thoughts, for probably, as our illustration suggests, he is haunted night and day by visions of Mr. Asquith, somewhat as Macbeth was haunted by the ghost of Banquo. There seems something appropriate to present events, too, in the words by which Lady Macbeth sought to explain her lord's peculiar behaviour. "Think of this, good peers," she said, "but as a thing of custom." We hasten to add that, of course, we draw no further analogy between Mr. Balfour and Macbeth. They are both Scotsmen, and both haunted; but there the resemblance ends.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by G.P.U., C.N., L.N.A., and Illustrations Bureau.



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### Ringling Down the Curtain.

Cowes and the Canterbury Week ring down the curtain finally on the London season, and never did Clubland want its August and September wash and brush up as badly as it does this year. The masking of the Clubs by stands has left its marks behind. Cracked and broken glass, scratched stone and brickwork, stains where the wet Turkey-red flapped against something white, twisted gutters and bent pipes, all have to be repaired, and carpenters and plumbers and painters and decorators, who reaped a harvest in putting up the decorations, will find golden gleanings in removing the last traces of all the finery. And all that London which revolves round the Court, the big outer wheels that are turned by the centre one, the London that dances and dines and goes to the theatre and rejoices to follow the example of the Court, requires its rest and wash and brush up just as urgently as do the buildings in St. James's Street and Pall Mall, where its menfolk foregather. The people who are now flocking to Homburg and Carlsbad and Marienbad really require a "cure" this year, if it is only a "rest" one.

**The Past Season.** Looking back over the season, it certainly has been one of entertainments on a very large scale. Quite apart from the Court functions and the pageantry of the Coronation, and the balls and garden-parties given at the great houses, there has been an unusual number of interesting entertainments. The Shakespeare Ball, which brought in such a large sum to the fund that is being raised to build and endow a national Shakespeare theatre, was an exceptional gathering that brought together all the worlds of London, and we have all dressed up and danced, or rinked, or attended amateur theatrical performances in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck fund of the Middlesex Hospital. There has been quite an unusual number of great fancy balls this season, some for charities, some just for amusement, and there is scarcely a quiet-going man in Clubland who has not donned a Venetian cloak or the robes of a magnifico at least once during the past season to go and watch the boys and girls dancing in fancy dress, in the cause of charity.

### A Glut of Hospitality.

The Coronation summer has brought its honours and rewards, and much pleasure to many people. Never before have our visitors from overseas been so lavishly entertained as they have been during the Coronation weeks, and more than one of my friends from the great Commonwealth

poured in upon all the people whose names were upon any of the lists prepared for the Colonial and Foreign and India and War Offices. Of course, this hospitality to the people of importance who came from all the four quarters of the globe brought in its train some disappointment to people at home, for the enclosure at Ascot, the State rooms in Buckingham Palace, and the gardens of that palace can none of them contain unlimited numbers of people, and quite a number of Britons who are usually



A BOXING-GLOVE WHICH MAKES A JAB IN THE EYE ALMOST ENJOYABLE.  
THE PNEUMATIC GLOVE INVENTED BY AN AMERICAN TRAINER.

The pneumatic glove, invented by a well-known trainer and fight-referee of Philadelphia, is thought likely to supersede the old "pillow" type for use in training, and in friendly bouts where the combatants do not want to hurt each other. With this glove a cut or bruise is said to be impossible. The left-hand photograph is a side view showing the finger closing; the two middle photographs show the glove being inflated, and its appearance when deflated; on the right is the glove fully inflated.

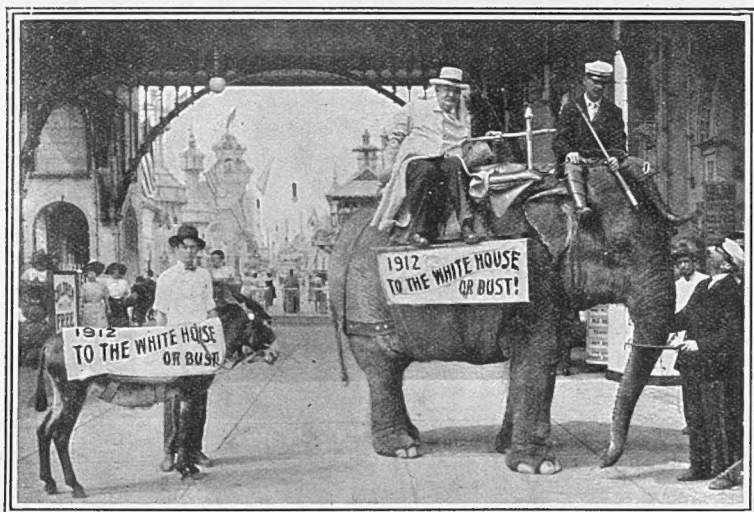
Reproduced by courtesy of "Popular Mechanics."

bidden to State balls and royal garden-parties were not asked this year, in order that there might be room for the visitors from the far ends of the earth.

### Some Disappointments.

I have no doubt that the large hotels netted very large sums by the Coronation, and some of them had let all their available rooms for the Coronation fortnight months before the event; but the smaller hotels did not share the prosperity of the large ones. Business men in the provinces, and quiet, country gentlefolk who usually come to London for a fortnight in June, to shop and to go to the theatres and to see the Royal Academy, were afraid that they would find prices raised everywhere, and kept at home in the country for that month. They presided over their village feasts instead of coming to the capital, and the small hotels and the restaurants which look to country and suburban visitors for their profits, and the shops, and the theatres, were starved during June. July brought to London some of the people who had feared to go there in June, but the house agents and the restaurateurs and the managers of theatres are all glad that every summer is not a Coronation one. But the prosperity brought by this summer of feasts and pageant outweighs a hundredfold the disappointments, and we clubmen are all glad to have had our share in the rejoicings, though we are also glad that the time has come for a rest. London will come to life again earlier than is usual in the autumn, unless an unexpected turn of the wheel of politics keeps us all in the country in September to prepare for a General Election.

**Spanish Pin-Pricks.** King Alfonso and his ministers seem to be taking the Kaiser and his advisers as models in dealing with France in Morocco. German diplomacy has been said to be the shadow of a great army, and Germany gets all that she wants without having to fight for it, but King Alfonso has no such shadow to throw over France, and Germany is not in the least likely to go to war with France for Spanish claims. There is not the sympathy for Spain in London that is felt for that rather shaky monarchy by other monarchical countries, and King Alfonso may very well find himself in a blind alley, unable either to advance or retreat, if Spain persists in her policy of adventure.

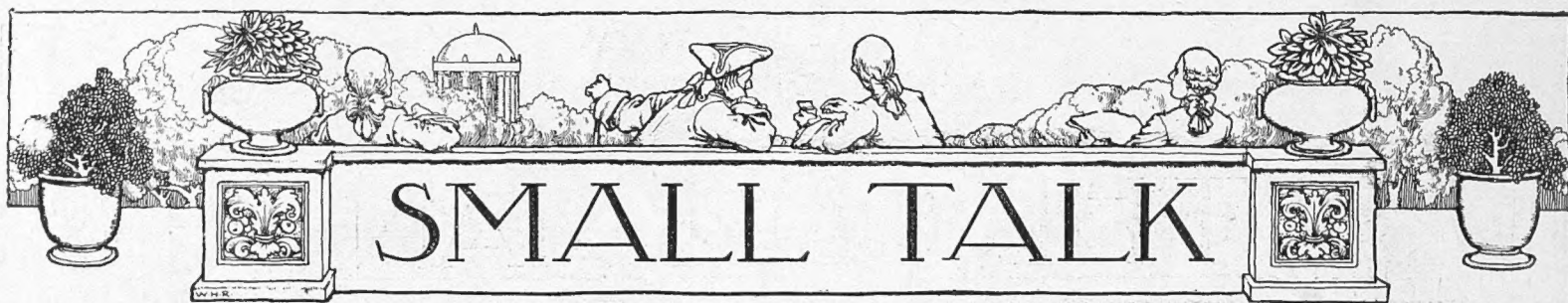


"TO THE WHITE HOUSE OR BUST!": THE RUNNERS IN A RACE THAT RESULTED FROM A WAGER BY "UNCLE JOE."

The race, which started recently, resulted from a dispute between "Uncle Joe" Cannon and a friend as to the comparative merits of the elephant and the donkey. "Uncle Joe" backed the elephant. The prize was "the finest, fattest, blackest, and most fragrant cigar obtainable." The course, 275 miles in length, was from Coney Island to the White House at Washington, D.C., by way of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, right up to the White House steps, and the race was to be "go as you please, trot, run, walk, baulk, or gallop."—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

have told me that they have been almost killed by kindness. They were given no breathing space from the moment they landed. Invitations to banquets, receptions, garden-parties, and Court functions





MISS IDA MAY MITCHELL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LIEUT. STUART GRANT-DALTON WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 2ND.

Miss Mitchell is the second daughter of Mr. Roland L. N. Mitchell, C.M.G., Commissioner of Limasol, Cyprus. Lieutenant Stuart Grant-Dalton is in the 1st Yorkshire Regiment. The wedding was fixed to take place on the 2nd, at Clewer Church, Windsor. — [Photograph by G. C. Beresford.]

Lady Altamont, Lord and Lady Decies, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearson.

An Engagement. Lord Camoys offers Miss Mildred Sherman the things for which the American girl must turn to England, as she turns to Paris for her hats. The barony dates from 1383, and the chapel at Stonor is equally old. Two Courts will open their arms to the future Lady Camoys. In England during the last reigns Lord Camoys' family has been much favoured, and at the Vatican Archbishop Stonor is, of all Englishmen, one of the most welcome. When his nephew brings his bride to his door in the Via Sistina, the Archbishop will be able to conduct them, as he has done so many strangers in Rome, through the splendid chambers of the Palace of the



RECENTLY MARRIED TO THE EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL: MRS. ARNOLD MORLEY.

Mrs. Arnold Morley, who was formerly Mrs. Waite Runyan, was married recently to the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, P.C., who was Postmaster-General from 1892 to 1895, and for some years M.P. for Nottingham. — [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

GOODWOOD in a sense has been the monopoly of the Dukes of Richmond since the third holder of the title roped in the surrounding country and, in the wisdom of his old age, made a racecourse. This year a number of house-parties besides that at Goodwood House itself were arranged. At Molecombe, the Earl and Countess of March were entertaining their friends, and Petworth Castle was filled with Sir Merrick and Lady Burrell's friends. With Lady Leconfield in Warwickshire, Lord Leconfield entertained a bachelor party at Petworth itself. Lady Cowdray, since Lord Cowdray is in America, might, for her part, have given over Cowdray House to women-folk, or kept it altogether shut against the Turf crowd. On the contrary, she had many guests with her, including Lord and

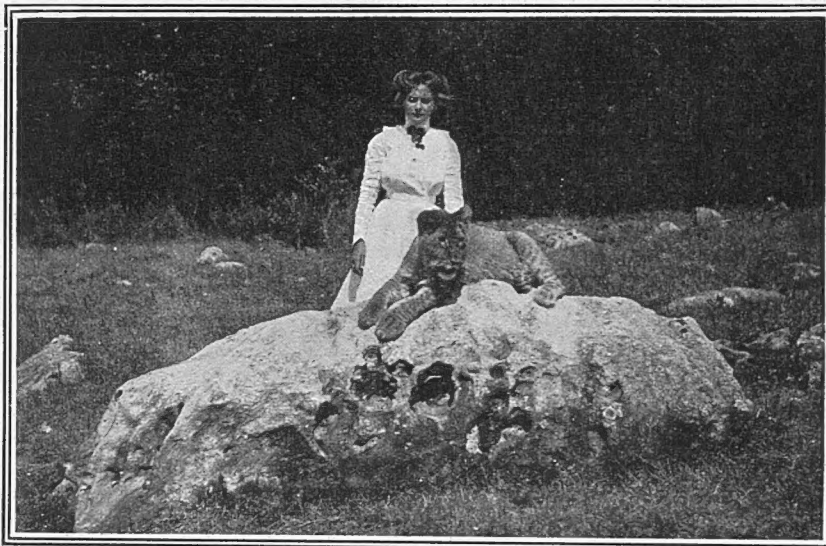
mination on the part of some of them to be named, and named, and named again, and then committed to the Clock Tower. But the Speaker, who has always looked askance at Suffragette methods, and who does not care to see them imitated, decided to keep his eyes and his ears shut just as long as it was necessary. The martyrdom of Lord Hugh has been postponed, but he may yet have his opportunity.

*Politics sur le plat.* The Tory clatter at the Hotel Cecil last week drew from one of the guests the remark that they might just as well be in the House of Commons. "At the Hotel Hugh Cecil, you mean?" queried his neighbour. In other respects, also, the dinner seemed particularly fitting to the occasion.



PROMOTER OF AN ANGLO-GERMAN ENTENTE: MRS. HARVEY DU CROS.

The ball given by Mrs. Harvey du Cros at "Wildcroft," Putney Heath, was a notable event of the season. Its aim was to forward the entente which was the object of the Prince Henry Tour, and many German noblemen and officers attended it. Mr. Harvey du Cros is the well-known founder of the pneumatic-tyre industry. — [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



TWO ADHERENTS OF THE BRITISH LION: MISS FRANCES BOTHA, DAUGHTER OF THE PREMIER OF SOUTH AFRICA, WITH A LION CUB AT GROOTE SCHUR.

Miss Frances Botha is a daughter of General Botha, the first Premier of United South Africa. Since his recent visit to this country, for the Coronation, the General has been taking a "cure" at Kissingen, and has much benefited. He has, it is said, considerably reduced his weight—not, we may add, the weight of his influence in Imperial and South African affairs. Groote Schuur, where the above photograph was taken, was formerly the Cape Town home of Cecil Rhodes.

Photograph by G. A. Johnson.

Popes. Its corridors will be filled with the homely fragrance of coffee, not altogether in an American girl's honour, perhaps, for from the chambers of all *Monsignori* comes the odour in the early afternoon; but she will have her audience of Pius X. and see her first sunset from the Pincio in the best of company.

*The Speaker.* The Speaker has had a rather troublesome session, and one of his chief troubles is that his leniency towards the Asquith interruption has been interpreted in some quarters as a sign of weakness. The fact was very different. Cleverly as the conspirators kept their secret from the House at large, the Speaker had an inkling of their intentions, which included a deter-

haps six hundred yards, no less—from his stall! Just away from New York, he boasts that America manages these things better. There has been opened a theatre with a chef. Your American sits at a little round table and eats until the curtain goes up; and then, putting down his spoon, he takes up his opera-glasses instead, and carries them up to his eyes—if he remembers they are not a spoon. For thirty-six dollars, it is boasted, your American and his friend can dine, see a play, and sup—all in the same chair. That is the sum possible for your man of simple tastes. Dash his simplicity with a strain of luxury, and the figures will be reversed. And they write "theatre" as "theater" in the States, which somehow makes the eater feel completely at home.

"War to the knife" had been Lord Halsbury's cry. "To the fork, too," echoed his admirers. Feeding is a custom indulged by Liberals as well as Conservatives, but no party meals go with such old-time heartiness as those arranged by the Opposition. The dining-room is still, in a few Conservative homes, intact against the encroachments of Liberalism. Lord Salisbury, prominent in "the last ditch," is a great entertainer; but no Liberal, the story goes, is ever invited to his table.

*Theater and the Eater.* The American visitor from New York has a new complaint to make against London. When he goes to the theatre, he must dine first at his hotel, or elsewhere; and after the theatre he must cast about for supper, to find it at some great distance—per-



SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE HOME SECRETARY: MISS NELLY HOZIER.

Miss Nelly Hozier is the younger daughter of Lady Blanche Hozier, aunt of the Earl of Airlie. Her elder sister, Clementine, is Mrs. Winston Churchill, who married the Home Secretary in 1908.

Photograph by Dorothy Hicking.



## THE OMELETTE DANCE WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS.



A DANCER WHO KNOWS HER WAY ABOUT EVEN WHEN BLINDFOLDED: Mlle. MELIA,  
THE NEW TURN AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Mlle. Melia, the new dancer at the Palace, where it was arranged she should make her first appearance in London this week, has already made a great hit in Berlin. Undoubtedly the most arresting part of her performance is the Original Egg Dance, which consists in her weaving her way blindfolded among a number of eggs placed on the stage at regular intervals in a sort of geometrical figure. She also does a Fantastic Dance and a Dance Moderne. Mlle. Melia is a Hungarian by birth, but she learnt her dancing in the Russian ballet.—[Photograph by Gerlach and Co.]





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



WHILE the earthquake experts were discussing the subject in Manchester, there were several shocks in Hungary. Theory and practice.

M. Henri Bernstein and M. Téry have been fighting a duel, with the usual result. M. Téry fired first, and hit the grand stand of a football-ground which happened to be in the vicinity; but M. Bernstein grazed a photographer who was snapping history. The photographer then declared that honour was satisfied.

This must be read side by side with the account of the heroic sportsman who cinematographed a dying lioness somewhere in Africa. The moral of it is that the photographer has no need to go out of Europe to look for danger.

After the doctors have warned us all these years that we eat three times as much as we need, and that we are all digging our graves with our teeth, here's a doctor come along who says that we are consumptive because we do not eat enough. It is these little contradictions which make us think that all doctors ought to be brought

under the Insurance Bill and paid three-pence a case, including operations for appendicitis.

A New York surgeon has made a new leg for a woman out of a man's shin-bone. Here's another bit of man gone. First Adam gave up a rib to make Eve, and now one of Adam's descendants

has had to give up a shin to patch up one of Eve's daughters. There won't be any man left soon.

#### THE FISHES' COMPLAINT.

(In the summer months the shores of the Channel are crowded with swimmers, bathers, and paddlers.)

Said the little flat fish to the big flat fish,  
"There really isn't room to swim.  
What with Jabez splashing and the steamers dashing  
With the cinema in chase of him;

And half-a-million more who are paddling on the shore  
With superfluous display of shin,  
And an incomplete ablution, which for us is sea-pollution,  
Pray tell me, where do we come in?"

Said the big flat fish to the little flat fish,  
"You have hit it in the eye first pop;  
They have bathing huts and tents for ladies and for gents,  
And I don't know where it's going to stop.

In the good old days they had more retiring ways—  
Mixed bathing was unpardonable sin;  
Now every son and daughter comes galumphing through the water—  
Don't ask me, 'Where do we come in?'"

Listen to Sir James Crichton Browne: "Never in the history of the world has female loveliness been more lovely than in our tall, graceful English girls to-day." We must chaff the girls now and then, but this statement by an expert has a receipt stamp stuck upon it and cancelled.

But meanwhile Sir J.C.B. has lost his opportunity with the mother-in-law. Judge McGuire

of New York says that mothers-in-law ought to be made by law to confine their visits to their daughters to a maximum of ten days. Their chance of being put in the top hole with the fried fish grows fainter and fainter.

Mr. Jack London, according to the *Evening News*, has caught a rare trout, using his diamond stud as a bait. Obviously a lady trout.

#### FATHER ON A HOLIDAY.

(For some days past the railway stations have been crowded with fathers taking their families and other impedimenta to the seaside.)

The time has come when, obeying the Custom that none may break,  
The British Lord of the Household has made up his mind to take  
His household gods to the seaside, and pack them without any fuss,  
The living inside, and the goods on the top, of the family station 'bus.  
There's two girls and the boy and the missus, and Betsy the serving-maid;  
To each of the women a hat-box, to each of the youngers a spade,  
A weird assortment of buckets, a bath, and a cycle or two,  
Three full-sized trunks and a suit-case; so Father has plenty to do.

From the start the Lord of the Household will not know a moment of ease,  
For ever will one of the children go wrong with a childish disease,  
And Tommy will drown himself daily, while if other diversions are slack,  
Betsy will croak with rheumatics, or cramp in the small of her back.  
Then there's something wrong with the water, the milk and (of course) with the drains,  
And it's all of it "blamed on" to Father, who gets no thanks for his pains.  
So if at the end of August there's anything left to spend,  
He hurries across to Paris for a few days' rest with a friend.

Chinese in the province of Chefoo are replacing opium by the cigarette habit. It would be quite easy to say something nasty about the Chinese of Chefoo if it were not for Percy and his eternal cigarette. As it is, we will not be shocked at them until they take to opium again.

M. Beaumont says that it is for the very reason of the danger that man loves flying. And it is for the

very same reason that man loves looking on at the sport. In fact, there is a double-barrelled chance. The aviator may come down himself, and he may happen to cut over one's best enemy.

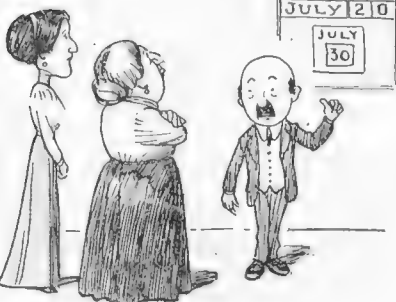
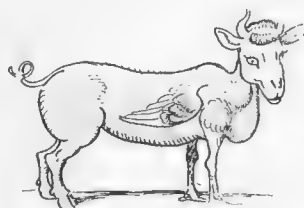
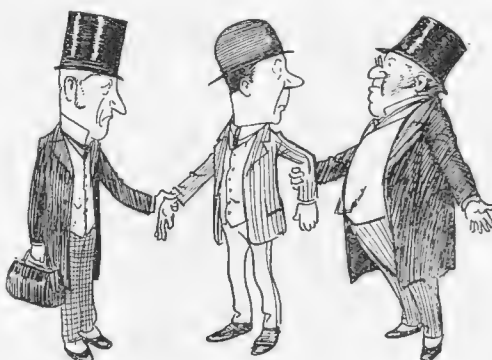
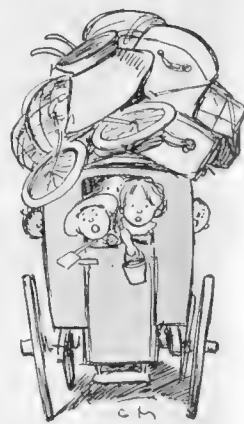
From New York comes the information that women's feet in the U.S.A. are larger than they were ten years ago. This is not the tactful way of putting it. It would be prettier to say that women are more sensible nowadays, and have given up wearing tight boots.

Somebody has invented a new fruit, which is a cross between a raspberry and a loganberry. That's all right; but why does not someone invent a new beast for the butcher? We are

getting very tired of the eternal beef and mutton this hot weather.

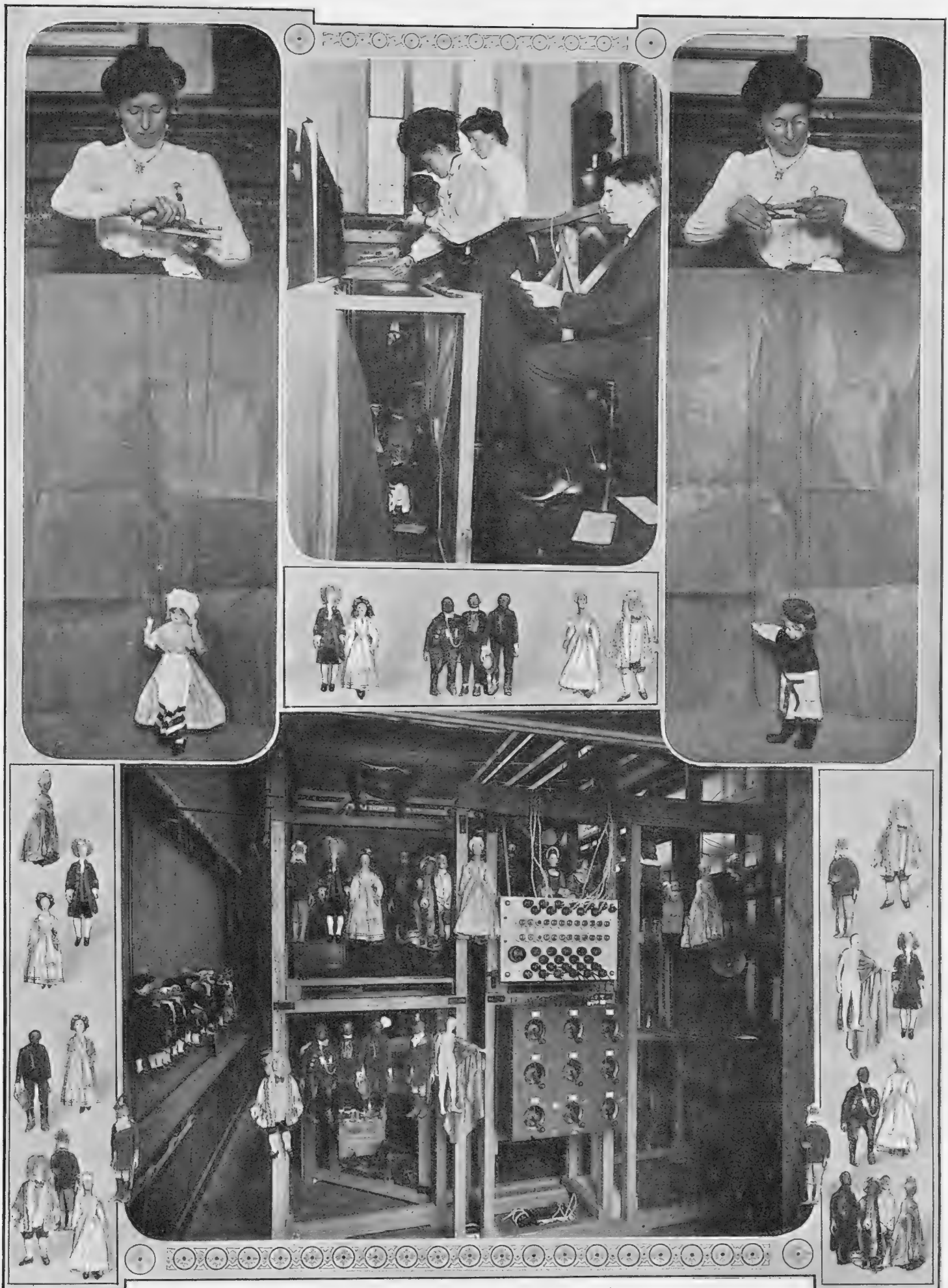
Cleopatra's Needle evidently does not possess the toilet secrets of its late mistress, for the L.C.C. reports that its complexion has been much roughened by the London atmosphere. There is no doubt about it—for some reason the Needle has got the Hump.

The French Parliament in its desire to develop its health resorts, has hit upon the truly brilliant idea of taxing the visitors. The visitors will no doubt hit upon the even more brilliant idea of going somewhere else.





## WE ALL KNOW "PUPPET PEERS"—WHAT ARE PUPPETS?



HOW PUPPETS ARE PULLED BY THE STRINGS: AN ILLUSTRATION SHOWING WHAT PUPPETS REALLY ARE AND HOW THEY ARE MANIPULATED.

There has been much talk of late during the Parliamentary crisis about "puppet" peers—in fact, the metaphor has been worked for all it is worth. Probably many who use it, however, are quite ignorant as to the precise mechanism by which actual puppets are worked. For this reason we have thought our readers might be interested in these photographs taken behind the scenes at a Marionette Theatre. Perhaps they will suggest to the political controversialists some useful hints for more detailed similes regarding the Parliamentary puppet-show.





BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**A Naughty Play.** Really, "Sally Bishop" is a very shocking play. Sally was a typist, living quite comfortably with a devoted friend named Janet Hallard. Sally happened to meet an agreeable stranger on a 'bus, dined alone with him in his luxurious rooms—he chanced to be rich—and since he refused to marry her, although there was nothing to prevent him from so doing, except his disinclination for marriage, she lived with him as his mistress, until they quarrelled. Then he got engaged to a very unladylike young woman of good family and bad character. So Sally tried to commit suicide; but the young man, who, in the meantime, had discovered that his fiancée was not more virtuous than his mistress, saved Sally from death and married her. Now, in Mr. Thurston's book, Sally succeeds in committing suicide, and when the author determined, quite unwisely, to adapt it to the stage, and wanted to give a happy ending, he ought to have seen that the whole character of Sally must be remodelled.

**An Impossible Combination.**

The real fact is that when the author determined to try to make his book into a remunerative light entertainment, instead of treating it as a sincere work of drama, he ought to have found some excuses for the misconduct of his heroine. She was a respectably brought-up young woman with orthodox ideas, from whose own point of view what she did was inexcusably wrong. Much of the weakness of the play is simply due to lack of skill, yet I do not think that even a skilled craftsman like Mr. Maugham could have made a living comedy on the lines chosen by Mr. Thurston. Some scenes

make us believe that he really behaved quite badly. What a lot of poor parts he has had lately.

**"A Royal Divorce."**

The Lyceum has gone back to W. G. Wills for its summer holiday programme, and the picture of Waterloo on the hoardings may well be enough to make the success of this revival of "A Royal Divorce." When this scene does at last arrive it proves well up to its announcement. There is no niggardly display of powder; perhaps the military historian will point out the folly of the close formation of the French and the distressingly bad shooting of the English, shown by the fact that hardly a Frenchman falls; however, we only see these warriors for a little while, so it may be that they have really no time to die. Much praise is due to Napoleon's white horse, which bears up well in its noisy surroundings. Beyond this, there is less of that excitement in the play which one would suppose to be required by a Lyceum audience. In fact, the liveliest incident is the unmasking of the traitor, the Marquis de Beaumont, and his departure for execution. The poor fellow never had a real chance, so it was difficult to get up any excitement over his fate. Why the play has survived so long in the provinces and is now held worthy of a London revival it is a little difficult to understand. Certainly Napoleon in it is not a hero to inspire much admiration, except, indeed, when he praises the English to the joy of the

audience. Probably hearts are touched by the constancy of Josephine to so unworthy a creature. Possibly, too, he earns a little sympathy when it is seen what kind of a lady is the Marie

Louise whom he has taken in Josephine's place. Our own sympathy goes out to that very able actress, Miss Edyth Olive, who is condemned to play so poor a part as that of the Austrian woman. Miss Ethel Warwick has a much happier time in the character of Josephine, and atones for the commonplace dialogue of Wills by a graceful presence and a pleasing voice. Mr. Frank Lister's Napoleon was not very impressive, which, perhaps, was hardly his fault. Miss Gillian Scaife played very cleverly as Stephanie; she, too, was asked



A DANCER IN THE NEW ORIENTAL PRODUCTION, "A NIGHT WITH THE SULTAN": MME. ARMÈNE OHANIAN IN A CIRCASSIAN DANCE AT THE HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Reiver.



A HAREM SCENE IN WHICH MANY OF THE PLAYERS AND PROPERTIES CAME FROM ABDUL HAMID'S PALACE: MME. ARMÈNE OHANIAN IN A PERSIAN DANCE IN "A NIGHT WITH THE SULTAN."

Realism is the note of the new Oriental sketch produced on Monday at the Hippodrome, "A Night with the Sultan." Many of the women in it come from the actual harem of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid at Yildiz Kiosk, as well as some of the stage accessories, such as gorgeous silk carpets worth thousands of pounds. The players, musicians, slaves, dancers, and singers are all of Oriental origin, Turkish, Persian, Circassian, Armenian, Arabic or Syrian. The object has been to reproduce exactly a real harem.

to do things far beneath her. However, all this matters nothing: "A Royal Divorce," for some reason or another, is a well-established popular favourite.

to do things far beneath her. However, all this matters nothing: "A Royal Divorce," for some reason or another, is a well-established popular favourite.



## KINGS, THE SPORT OF KINGS, A HUGHLIGAN AND A GOOGLIE 'UN.



THE FIRST LORD OF THE HUGHLIGANS:  
LORD HUGH CECIL, M.P.

As one of the leading spirits among the Unionists who howled down the Prime Minister in the House of Commons last week, Lord Hugh Cecil came in for some lurid criticism from his political opponents, who have added to the nicknames of the "Die-hards" and the "Last Ditchers" that of the "Hughligans."

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*



THE BUDDING MOUSTACHES OF  
TWO KINGS: KING MANUEL AND  
KING ALFONSO.

King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain arrived in London last Wednesday. On Thursday they were visited at the Ritz Hotel by King Manuel of Portugal and his mother, Queen Amelie. — *Photograph by C.N.*



HEARNE THE WICKET-HUNTER: THE MIDDLESEX  
GOOGLIE-BOWLER, J. W. HEARNE.

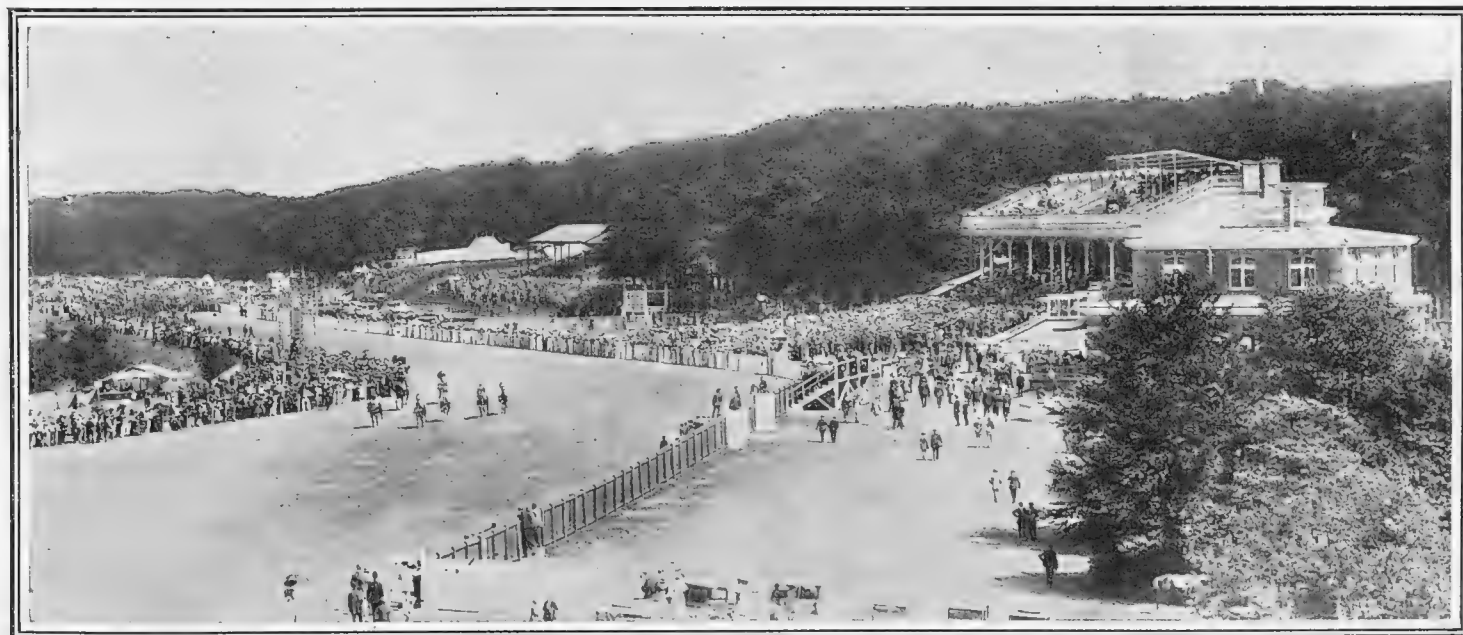
In the match against Essex at Lord's last week J. W. Hearne, the young Middlesex cricketer, took six wickets for seventeen runs, including the hat trick. Most of his victims were disposed of by the wily "googlie." He is also a fine bat.

*Photograph by L.J.A.*



A FLANNELS AND STRAW-HAT GOODWOOD: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE ON CUP DAY.

This year's Goodwood was remarkable for the light and airy costumes of the men, due partly to the heat wave, and partly to the fact that the rigour of etiquette in regard to masculine dress had been relaxed owing to the Queen deciding not to attend the races. The King was to have gone, but, as will be remembered, had to cancel the engagement. — *Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



WON BY WOOTTON ON A FLIER: THE PRINCE OF WALES' TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES AT GOODWOOD, WON BY FARMAN (F. WOOTTON UP).

The first race on Cup Day at Goodwood, shown in our photograph, was the Prince of Wales' Two-Year-Old Stakes, won by Farman, whose very name suggests a flier. Precursor was second, and Feu de Jole third. The Goodwood Cup itself was won by Lord St. Davids' Kilbroney. — *Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE sun, rising absurdly early, has blazed upon a sleeping city for some hours when King George, and a little bevy of equerries, two grooms, and a couple of mounted police, ride out in the morning. His people are with his Majesty in most things;

but they are not with him in Hyde Park. Earlier in the season, a little burst of early rising, prompted by his example, brought riders to the Row before his Majesty had returned to breakfast; but last week there was hardly a horseman there to make room for him or to turn in the saddle as he passed by. The drawn blinds of Park Lane look blindly down on the road used by the King: a poor kind of salute, perhaps, but one that never disturbs the pleasure of the hour which, of all others, his Majesty most enjoys.

## The Sailor King's Sailor.

The name of Keppel is again coupled with the service of the King at sea. The *Medina*, which will take their Majes-

ties to India, is to be commanded by Sir Colin Keppel, of whom King Edward said, "I would back him to take a vessel through the eye of a needle," and then *sotto voce*, "if he thought he could." The

compliments paid Sir Colin's father, Sir Harry Keppel, were equally brave. "To be taken with a pinch of salt, or a drop of sea-water, Sir," was Sir Harry's comment.

Miss Carpenter is the eldest daughter of the Rev. Canon Carpenter, Precentor of Salisbury, and Mrs. Carpenter. Mr. Charles Basil Hodgson, Inner Temple, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Durant Hodgson, Hallams, Shamley Green, Guildford.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Good-byes. The Duke of Connaught is already saying "Good-bye." People have been leaving town whom he will not see again before his departure for Canada. Meanwhile, the welcome awaiting him on the other side will do something to allay the regrets of partings here. In one thing the Duke is particularly fortunate, and that is in the personality of his Deputy-Governor, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the Chief Justice of Canada. Sir Charles, who has just paid a brief visit to England, to be sworn of the Privy Council and to have his Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George pinned on by King George, is, next to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the most popular public man in Canada, and in social charm is second to none. The Duke, with his Irish title, will find in an Irishman the most loyal of understudies, and the Governor and the Deputy-Governor are generally held to be particularly fortunate in each other.

Keeping Seats. Our suggestion that scraps of Coronation seatage might be preserved by seat-holders as relics of the day has been taken very seriously. It is now announced that Peers and Peeresses who are desirous of purchasing the chairs they used in Westminster Abbey have a chance of doing so. The Controller of Supplies, who has the matter in hand, is a

trifle stern, as if he were distributing loaves to paupers too eager for their doles. Application must be made "by letter only"; all envelopes must be marked "Coronation Chairs," and there are many other regulations. More modern commercial methods might have been adopted with profit, or a threat made to post at the Board of Trade a list of the Peers and Peeresses who still prefer Chippendale. One lady is openly defiant. She had never known before Coronation Day what real constraint meant: "I would," she protests, "as soon secure my dentist's chair."

## The Batswoman.

Miss Ruth Brand, who is to marry Lord Monk Bretton, has been spending part of her summer on Sussex village greens. And the Downs have reverberated with her praises; and her sister's. A revival of the Sussex game Stool Ball, brings teams from one little village to another for hotly contested tournaments. The

splendidly vigorous player who makes a century is always—Miss Brand! Her name is winning a place among the heroes of the countryside, with Relf's, and Vine's, and Killick's. Lord Monk Bretton is, like Miss Ruth Brand, an enthusiast for Sussex, with Lewes often for their pleasant headquarters.

## New Names for Old.

Nothing could have been better conceived and arranged than the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior's two farewell dinner-parties. The Prince did the honours with perfect ease, and one might have thought him born and bred among the varied and strange paraphernalia of an English dinner. At the second feast his forty guests were mostly composed of Army friends. At his first were, among others, Lord Roberts and his daughters, Sir Charles Cust, and Sir Arthur and Lady Bigge, who have just gone one bigger and become Lord and Lady Stamfordham.

## The Missing.

The series of casualties that started with Sir George Reid's upset and the amputation of Lord Rendlesham's hand is not yet ended. During the hurly-burly in the Commons many glances were cast in the direction of the seats usually occupied by Lord Helmsley and Lord Winterton, as if it were expected that the wilder and more startling sounds could be traced to them. But Lord Helmsley's accident at tennis kept him from the greater excitements and glory of a match contested under the critical eye of the Speaker. Never has he regretted a game so much as the one that crippled him, and lost for him a place in Cecil's Westminster team. And Lord Winterton's absence from the Halsbury dinner was sincerely regretted.



MISS DORIS BUTLER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ALEXANDER E. ROSS WAS ARRANGED FOR JULY 31.

The bride is the only daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Butler and Mrs. Hugh Gore Joseph, of 6, Abbot's Court, Kensington Square. Mr. Alexander Edward Ross, of the Imperial Forest Service, Burma, is the only son of the late Lieut-General Sir Alexander Ross. —[Photograph by Val L'Estrange.]



MARRIED ON JULY 27: MRS. EDMUND CHARRINGTON, FORMERLY MRS. HENRY DE COURCY AGNEW.

The wedding of Mr. Edmund Charrington, of Chamundi, Limpsfield, Surrey, and Mrs. Henry de Courcy Agnew, of 19, Great Cumberland Place, took place on July 27 at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The bride was given away by her brother, Captain Clarence Goff.

Photograph by Swaine.



MR. ALEXANDER WILLIAM KEOWN-BOYD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS JOAN MARY DALISON WAS FIXED FOR THE 2ND. Mr. Alexander William Keown-Boyd is the eldest son of Mr. William Keown-Boyd. He is a member of the Sudan Civil Service.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MISS JOAN MARY DALISON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ALEXANDER W. KEOWN-BOYD WAS FIXED FOR THE 2ND.

The bride is the only daughter of the late Captain Maximilian Dalison, of the Scots Guards, and Mrs. Dalison, of Hampton Court Palace.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



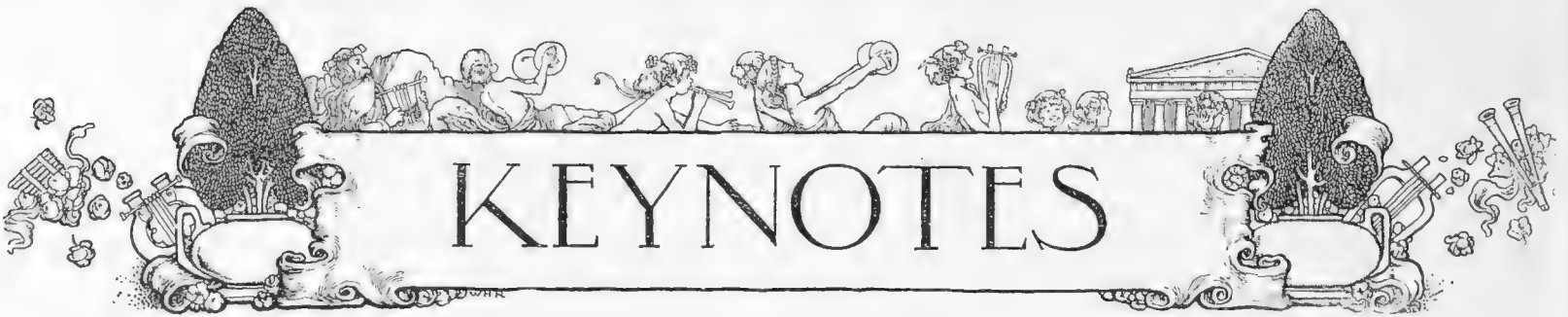
## BATHING TO THE BAND IN BERLIN: AN IDEA FOR OUR SEASIDE.



## A SUGGESTION TO BRIGHTON AND MARGATE: A MUSICAL BATHE IN THE WANNSEE.

If England borrows her feminine fashions from Paris, she might well go to Berlin for the newest ideas in regard to bathing. In our issue of July 19 we gave some photographs illustrating the extremely free and easy ways of the Berliner down beside the Wannsee, Berlin's great bathing resort on the way to Potsdam. Here we show the latest novelty that has been introduced there, in the shape of a military band that discourses waltz music while the bathers disport themselves in light and airy garb in the water or on the beach. The Wannsee is thus becoming a kind of Ostend, and, latterly, improvised dancing-parties have been arranged on the beach.—[Photograph by C. Hünich.]





## MASSENET—AND AFTER.

THE production of "Thais" at Covent Garden affords yet another reminder that musical expression has made great strides in the past few years. It was in 1894 that Massenet's opera was produced in Paris, and two or three years later the writer heard it for the first time, and thought that the composer had interpreted to the full all the lyrical possibilities, all the psychological development of the romance by which M. Anatole France will long be remembered. Since those far off days a new generation has arisen. We are familiar with all Wagner's moods, we know Strauss, Debussy, Charpentier, and others who have treated opera as a living medium for the expression of every emotion known to man, and, turning to Massenet with our ears attuned to the wider, deeper message of these years, "Thais" falls suddenly from its high estate. Yet it is well that the enthusiasm for new things should not make us oblivious of the merits of old ones. Massenet's gifts were well nigh fixed when he wrote his lyrical interpretation of the story of the great courtesan of Alexander, who was redeemed from sin by the Cenobite monk at the cost of his soul's salvation. He gave the story just what the operatic stage required; he strove, indeed, to develop the deeper significance of the drama, and made most of his concessions through the medium of stage pictures and an elaborate ballet. But he did not live in a strenuous era: he had won success as a young man, and has remained successful; it was not for him to extend the range of the human ear or to enforce upon the pleasure-loving opera-goer the need to think. He wrote a score that is full of cleverness, has moments of pure lyrical rapture, is suave, melodious, and highly polished, but is from end to end artificial. It was not easy to see the faults and shortcomings then; it is impossible to overlook them now. Even in his "Jongleur de Notre Dame" the composer has travelled far beyond the limits of the music he wrote for "Thais."

If this seventeen-year-old work sounds a little empty, a little wearisome to-day, the fault is not with M. Massenet. We have lost our old enthusiasm for purely theatrical music because the years have brought us something stronger and of fuller meaning. Perhaps if the composer had been frankly theatrical in his outlook, if he had not striven to be sincere, the gaps between the effort and the accomplishment had been less noticeable. Herein lies the irony of the situation: the man who has been content to skim the surface of emotions does his best to sound their depths, and in a strenuous effort to be sincere, fails altogether to convince a modern audience.

There is a certain artistic affinity between M. Massenet and Gounod, and we may ask ourselves why the latter composer's "Roméo et Juliette" remains fresh and delightful, while "Thais" is merely sweet and unconvincing. Perhaps it is because the story

of the Veronese lovers is no more than an excuse for lyrical utterance. Shakespeare's play is a union of the then outstanding forms of mediæval love-poetry, the sonnet, the *serena*, the *alba*, and the elegy; it is the spring song of a supreme poet; there is no pause, the whole action passes in five days. Gounod gave the poem a setting in keeping with the theme. Remember that Juliet is only just in her teens—"Come Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen," and that Romeo is but a little older, and one may see at once that the exquisite melodies of Gounod are artistically justified. But Thais is a courtesan, a woman of the world, and Athanaël is a man whose passions, so long suppressed, become too strong for him. Anatole France has laid bare the psychology of both; they are not child-like figures whose romance is the first of their lives. Consequently, the method that seems to bring into greater prominence the charm of the old Greek romance that was appropriated by Verona in the early fourteenth century, fails to convince when it is applied to the more sombre story set out by the greatest master of the written word in all the French Republic.

Perhaps the chief interest of the revival lies in the suggestion that, as far as operatic art goes, the old form of expression has passed. The immediate future is not with composers like Saint Saëns and Massenet, unless they can come into touch with the moderns—and this is well nigh unthinkable—or can find a story with which the gifts of sensuous melody can be associated as happily as they are in the masterpiece of Gounod, to which reference has just been made. Their interpretations of the emotions of men and women will not serve; Charpentier and Debussy have rendered them obsolete. It would seem that the music of the immediate future will be content to accentuate, to suggest, to comment in subtle fashion, to guide or fix the attention, to create the atmosphere of which the words themselves are but a part, to speak to the spirit within the sense in an attempt to define what were else

elusive and intangible. Here is a far more difficult task than any that went before, but one that will doubtless be fulfilled, for the reign of the obvious is over. There is no occasion for regret. Every composer who enjoyed a great and profitable popularity in the closing decades of the last century is in a position to say with a good grace, "*cedo junioribus*." One and all will continue to appeal to the people with elderly minds and fixed convictions who still regard the use of unresolved discords and a scale of whole tones as crimes against art, while those to whom they appeal no more will remember that "in dead years they did delicious things." They served their generation well, and their reward was great. They have had a great past, the present is not without compensations; but in the future they have no part.

COMMON CHORD.



LINA CAVALIERI IN "SIBERIA," AN OPERA SUGGESTED BY A RUSSIAN CANVAS; MURATORE AND CAVALIERI, TWO OF THE CHIEF SINGERS IN THE OPERA, AND GIORDANO, THE COMPOSER.

Giordano is well known to English opera-goers as the composer of "Andrea Chénier." His opera "Siberia" was given at the Scala of Milan in 1904, and in New York and Paris in 1905, though at the latter place it was not given at the Opera House until just recently. "Siberia" was suggested to the composer by a canvas of Kerecheyviki, which represented the departure for Siberia of a convoy of exiles.—[Photograph by Bert.]

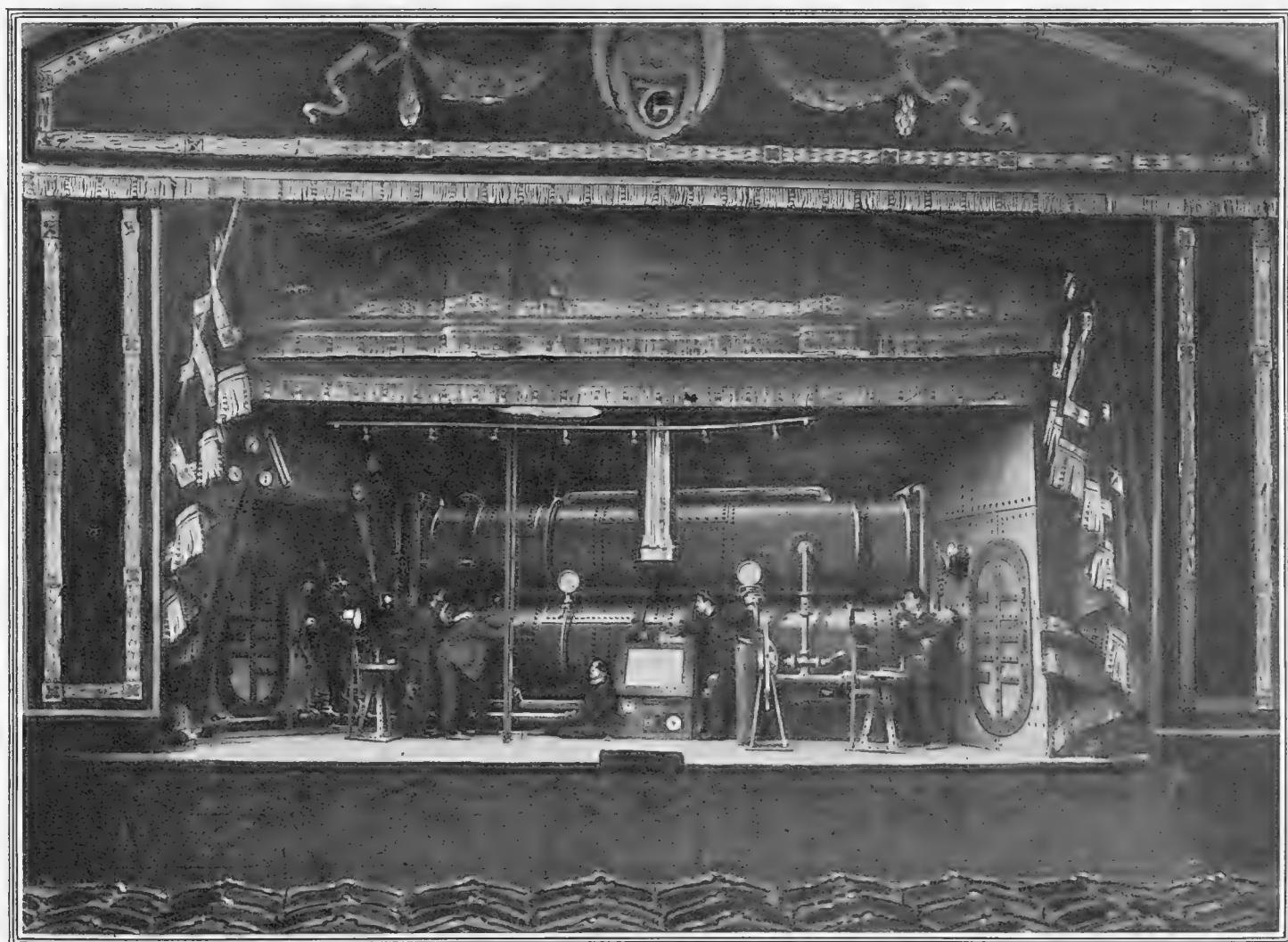


## STAGE SCENERY EXTRAORDINARY: AFLOAT AND SUBMARINE.



ACTUALLY FLOATING SCENERY FOR "H.M.S. PINAFORE": THE BATTLESHIP BUILT FOR A STAGE PRODUCTION OF THAT OPERA.

The opening lines of the chorus in "H.M.S. Pinafore"—"We sail the Ocean blue, and our saucy ship's a beauty"—were rendered especially realistic at a recent carnival performance of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan opera on board ship in Manhasset Bay, off Port Washington, Long Island. The opera was staged on a specially built vessel moored just off shore, and the entrances and exits were made by ship's boat. There was a full chorus of a hundred, with an orchestra made up from the Philadelphia and Chicago Opera Companies.—[Photograph by Paul Thompson, N.Y.]

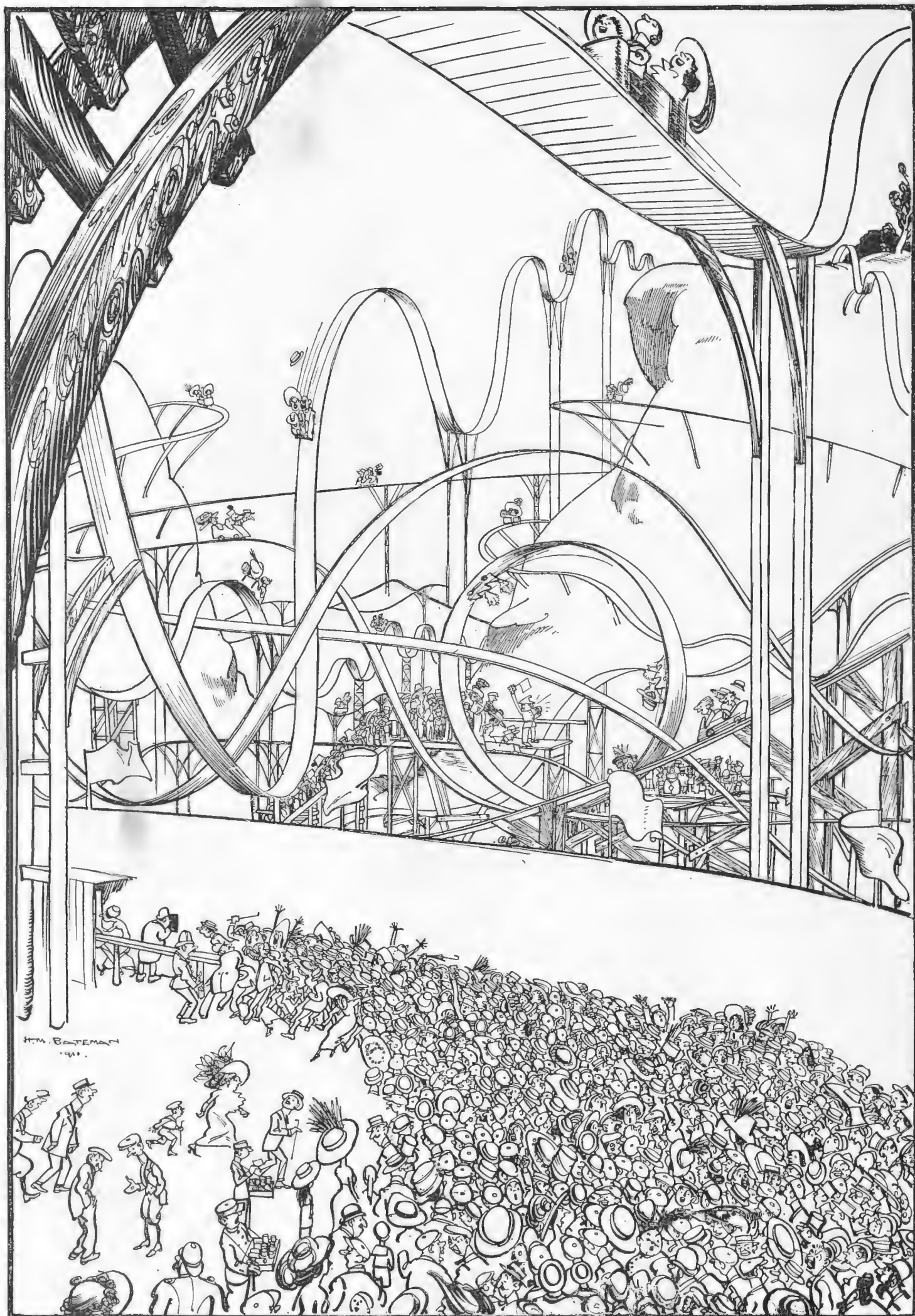


A SUBMARINE ON THE STAGE: A SCENE IN "LE SOUS-MARIN 'L'HIRONDELLE,'" AT THE THÉÂTRE AMBULANT GÉMIER.

During a recent visit to Paris the well-known Gémier Travelling Theatre gave a performance of a piece called "Le Sous-Marin 'L'Hirondelle.'" (The submarine "Swallow.") This is probably the first time that such a detailed reconstruction of the interior of a submarine has formed a scene on the stage. It is obvious, from the perilous character of these craft, that such a mise-en-scène would afford many dramatic possibilities.—[Photograph by the Rapid Photo. Agency.]



## A CROWD EFFECT.

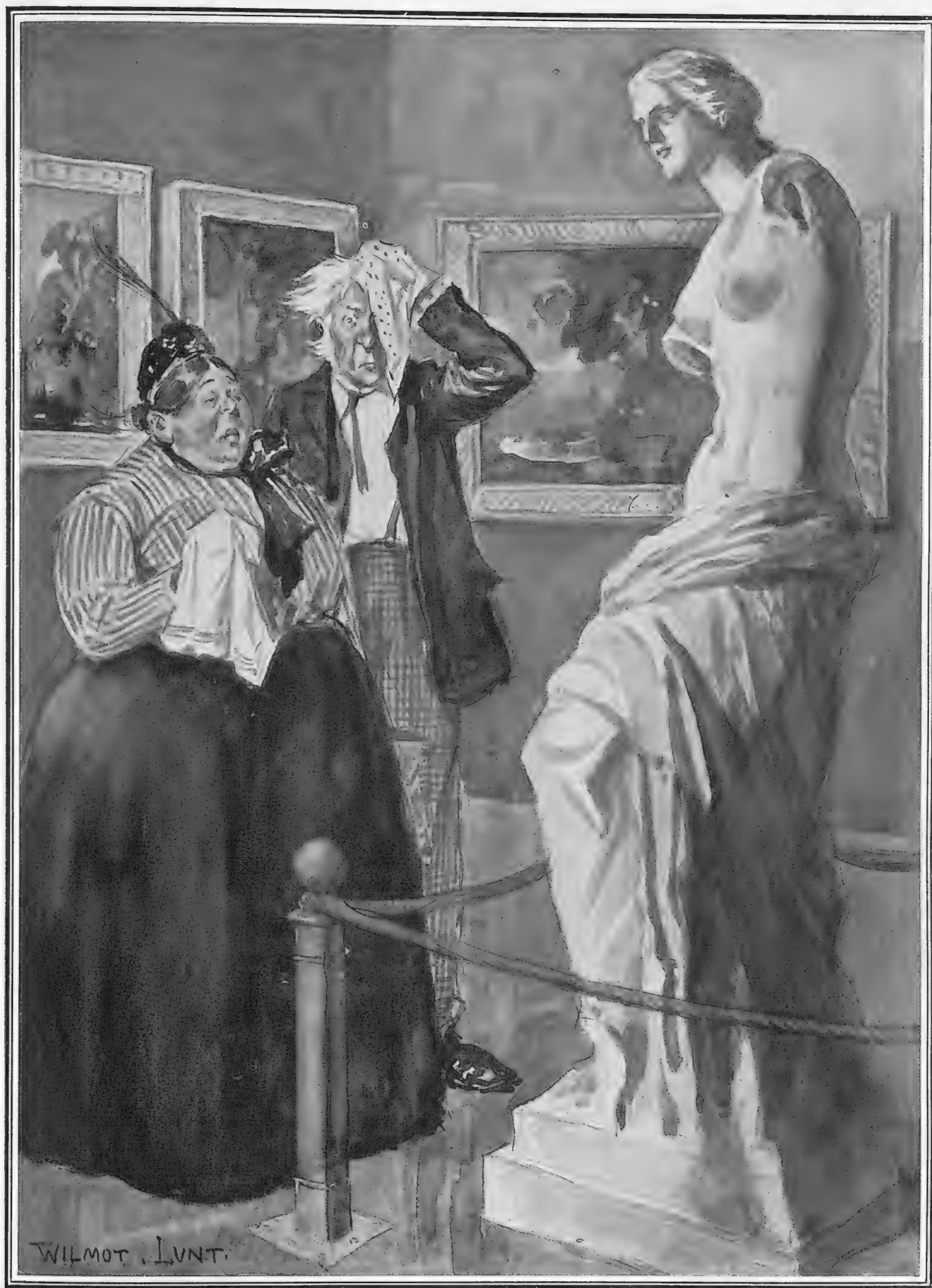


FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

DRAWN BY H.M. BATEMAN.



A NUDE DEVELOPMENT.



AUNT MARIA (*at the Museum, when the temperature is at 94 deg. in the shade*): Well! I do declare, I never thought I'd ever sink so low as to envy those naked brazen statos.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.





"CHARMS" OF THE LAND OF VEILED WOMEN.\*

IT is an exceedingly easy thing to pick plums from Mr. Foster Fraser's latest book; there are in it sufficient to satisfy scores of literary Jack Horners using fingers as well as thumbs. Difficulties become apparent only when decision has to be made as to which particular species of the succulent fruit shall be chosen for exploitation—the dry, sharp yet kindly, plum of criticism; the sweet bloom-surfaced plum of description; or the round, full-bodied plum for the eating of the general. Let us nip up some of the last of these three, some of the stranger "Charms" of "The Land of Veiled Women," feeling certain they will act as introduction to the rest.

Should you visit "The Land of Veiled Women," then, remember that it is not well to be dreamy-eyed. "The fear of the evil eye is widespread amongst the natives," writes Mr. Foster Fraser, "and the *hadj* taught me the way to resist it; stretch the arm towards the person with the evil eye and close the hand as much as possible, except that the first and third fingers must be outspread. A dreamy-eyed person runs risks, for his far-away look is certain to be interpreted that he is gazing at the devil. Any one with an evil eye has power to injure by reason of envy. He has only to see the something he admires and covets, and it at once begins to pine away and die. There is possibly some connection between the fear of the evil or covetous eye and the wearing of the veil. It is not generally known, but in distant times the veil was worn by young men as well as by women. On the other hand, the veil may have been imposed to prevent the wearer exercising undue influence upon others."

It would seem that it is possible to combat the Evil Eye, even without a stretching of the arm. "The representation of another eye—indeed, anything that gleams and glitters like an eye—has a good result. Animals' horns are a magical defence . . . The hand is the most potent against malign influence. All over Northern Africa, painted on doors, hung in houses, and used as jewels, are representations of hands, called 'Fatma hands' by Europeans, though the Arab name is *Kham* (five fingers). The number five, *Khamsa*, is so powerful that it is ill-omened to use it in conversation. I was sauntering one early morning, and met an Arab with a jar of goat's milk. He immediately offered the jar to me, not that I might drink, but that I might dip my fingers in it and have good luck for the day."

You may sneeze without fear, but beware of the yawn. "Sneezing is favourable as signifying the expulsion of evil spirits—and do not Anglo-Saxons cry, 'God bless you!' when a friend gives a loud 'chi-chou'?" But yawning is detestable to Mohammedans, not by reason of defective manners, indicating a boredom which should be suffered without sign, but because, with the mouth wide open, who can say what terrible evil spirits will slip down the throat?"

Charms play considerable part in this, one of the most charming of lands. "A woman who wishes to gain control over her husband goes to a negress, who takes some of her hair, nail-parings, saliva, wax from her ears, etc., and, after various mystic rites, makes up a pill, which the wife is to try to give to her husband with his ordinary food. A husband on leaving home often ties a knot in a tuft of grass. That is an omen, for if untied on his return he assumes his wife has been unfaithful." Writing of hair, reminds one that Mr. Foster Fraser points out that "In M'zab the women take the combings of the hair and fling them into running water, which is the symbol of life, and will prevent baldness."

Should you be ill, queer "cures" may be yours. "In the Algerian Sahara, if an Arab is bitten by a dog he seizes the animal, pulls out a hair and applies it to the bite. If the dog is mad, he kills it, and, opening the body, takes out the heart, which he grills and eats. The poorer nomads have great faith in written prayers.

A scribble by a *hadj* is regarded as miraculous. The incantation can be on a bit of paper or on an onion, or on the shell of an egg, and when the paper is swallowed, the onion munched, or the egg eaten, the sick man at once begins to feel well again. Anything that comes from Mecca has all the potency of an American patent medicine. A man who has been to Mecca can set up in business as a doctor without passing any troublesome examinations. A date from Mecca, a sip of water from the sacred spring of Zem-Zem, above all, a grain of sand gathered from the grave of the Prophet, are

invariably efficacious to drive out the djinns which are rampaging in the body of the sick Mohammedan." This amongst a people who "had inoculation against small-pox long before the days of Jenner. They will not, however, be inoculated with virus from a calf. The pus must be taken from a small-pox patient and inserted in the soft skin between the thumb and the first finger."

Of such, and of many other things of vital interest, is made "The Land of Veiled Women." In one of his chapters, Mr. Foster Fraser writes:—"Years ago Biskra must have been redolent of the Orient. It is picturesquely ensconced in an oasis. It was the first town reached by caravans coming up from the desert, and it provided peace and shade and entertainment. It was truly Arabic. Then the French built a railway, so that it was easily reached. Then doctors discovered the air was so dry it was just the place for invalids. Then Mr. Hichens wrote his novel, 'The Garden of Allah'—and that did the mischief. The hotel keepers and tradesmen of Biskra ought to erect a golden statue to Mr. Hichens, or give him an annuity of twenty thousand francs a year." Mr. Foster Fraser's pictures are, perhaps, not as highly coloured as those of the novelist; but they are at least as realistic and such that they, too, will entice many to scenes which the hand of Time must inevitably wipe from even the slate of memory before very long. Read, then, "The Land of Veiled Women"—and visit it.



A PARLIAMENT WHERE LAST WEEK'S SCENE IN THE HOUSE WOULD SOUND LIKE THE BICKERING OF SPARROWS: AN OPEN-AIR ASSEMBLY IN SWITZERLAND.

The uproar that took place in the House of Commons last week would have lost its impressiveness in the open-air parliaments of Switzerland, where, among the mountains, the shouts of excited politicians would sound as insignificant as the bickering of quarrelsome sparrows. Some of the Swiss cantons, as in Glarus, have these open-air parliaments for the discussion of local questions, and an amphitheatre, such as that shown in the photograph, is erected in the market-place. Every man has the right to speak at such meetings.

Photograph by International Illustrations Co.

\* "The Land of Veiled Women: Some Wanderings in Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco." By John Foster Fraser. With Forty-two Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White. (Cassell. 6s)

## ART ON THE DOWN GRADE.



THE ARTIST ("chucked out" for the fourth time in one morning): I really think I ought to have had another fortnight at the art-school.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE GREEN RIVER KNIFE.

By HAROLD BLIND.

THE barque *Jacqueline* lay anchored in Rio roadstead. Her plates were red with deep-sea rust and her keel was foul with the strange parasites which the tropics breed. Her great steel spars were squared, and her four lofty masts of steel tapered rigid to the stars among their maze of rigging.

An oil-lamp swinging in a gimbal in the cuddy cast bold light and shadow on the table.

"I will make it a hundred," said Pedro Suarez, the captain of the ship, "and not a dollar more."

"But what business is it of ours? It's a dirty job at best," answered Kirk, the grey-haired chief mate.

"Well, you can take it or leave it, Kirk. But I'm going to take this girl for a trip, as I said I would, and I'll bring her back at the end of a year, as I said I would!"

Kirk growled in his beard.

"I don't like it. It's dirty work. It means taking her to Auckland, to Sydney, to London, and bringing her back here again; to say nothing of keeping her close when we're in port. And a blue-water sailing-ship is no place for a girl. What would your owners say if they got wind of it?"

"Damn your 'ifs.' I'd pass her off as my wife!"

"Oh, you would, would you? Now, look here, Captain Suarez, I'm a poor man. I don't like the job, but if you swear solemn, on the Book, that she'll come to no harm I'll help you to get the girl on board and keep her there for a fair share of the coin. I dare say she'll be glad enough not to marry that young Dago after a bit, for all his money; but I won't stir a finger for less than I said. Take it from me!"

"It's too much—too much! . . ."

"You can get it right enough. You just go and talk to young Zamorra's father. . . . He'll brass up!"

So the skipper dropped into the gig that rode to her painter at the gangway, and was pulled ashore. He passed through the harbour-side streets and through the town till he came to a great white house standing midst splendid trees and gardens.

Down in the city young Juan Alvarez Zamorra gazed with bright, passionate eyes at the exquisite dancer, Anita Duprez, the French half-caste who had taken all Rio de Janeiro by storm. He loved her with all his heart and soul—he lived for her day by day, and night by night. She gave him now a kiss—now a light caress, and she had promised she would marry him. She kept him burning in the fires of unassuaged passion. When his father offered her a small fortune to leave the city, she laughed. And, indeed, she was beautiful, and so skilled in her profession as to be independent of all monetary temptations.

"Why should I not marry him? No, Señor! Why should I go away? Marriage—or—nothing!"

She knew that she held young Juan Zamorra securely bound, but the stubborn pride and convention of the old, old family, whose ancestors had fought with the Conquistadores, proved an insuperable barrier to the union. So it was that the negotiations with the skipper of the *Jacqueline* came about. This girl Duprez must be got out of the way at all risks and at any cost.

The next night, as Anita left the music-hall with her lover's arm held tight under her own, the pair were followed by a party of sailors.

Presently, in a dark by-road, Zamorra stopped, took Anita by her hands and demanded a kiss. Her heavy eyelashes fell over her great eyes, that were like smouldering fires stirred and breathed on by the night-wind. The stars were looking down on thousands of

such pairs over one half the globe, and the sun saw other lovers on his side of the world. So they stood together, and in the street of Rio lost sense of time and space. They did not heed the shadows that slipped along within the shadows. . . .

There were only two cries—swiftly smothered. A fierce, short struggle—the knotting of cords—and the quick, peculiar noise of panting breath. The girl was strong and supple, but though she fought like an eel on a line the binding held, and they carried her away. Her lover was left bound and gagged after the sailors had gone through his pockets. He was found by a slack gendarme at dawn.

Anita was hustled down quiet back-ways by the hurrying seamen. At first she resisted, but one of them dug the point of a sheath-knife between her shoulders as an earnest of what she might expect. They cleverly hid her bonds under a heavy hooded cloak, and she might have been only one of a party of revellers going to or from some jollification.

John Kirk was leaning over the counter of the *Jacqueline*, staring at the myriad lights ashore. Near by, a brig was getting under way. The cries of her crew, the rattle of her cable and capstan, the creaking of her gear, filled the silent night with sounds that rang clear across the water. Then she dropped past the *Jacqueline*, and there was only the lip-lap of the tide.

Kirk straightened himself and went to the gangway. He heard the measured beat of oars, and the roll of them in rowlocks. The boat swept alongside. Anita Duprez was being forced up the ladder. They had freed her hands, and were compelling her to climb.

"Lively, now! Take her into the cuddy!" said Kirk. "Mr. Olsenborg, get the topsails on her and break out the anchor!" The second mate looked curiously at Anita's muffled form, spat with deliberation, and then turned to the men with more than his usual quota of oaths and blows. A little later, Suarez came innocently aboard, the boats were slung to the davits, and the anchor cat-headed. Very soon the *Jacqueline*, with canvas after canvas blotting out the sky, followed the brig into the open sea.

As the ship began to lift to the swell of the ocean, Anita Duprez, looking very beautiful and dishevelled, stood facing Captain Suarez and Kirk in the dim-lit cuddy. At last, finding them unmoved, she said desperately—

"I shall appeal to the men!"

"I shall tell them you are my wife!" said Suarez.

"Your wife? Oh, they will not believe it!"

"All the worse for you!"

"You must put me ashore at the first port of call—you must!"

"Señorita, on the contrary, you will be locked in your cabin."

The girl saw how utterly dependent she was on these rough seamen for even the veriest necessities of life—for life itself, perhaps.

"How much do you want—how much to put me ashore?"

The two men looked at each other.

"Say how much!"

Suarez ran his eye over her and was silent.

Anita turned to Kirk, and her bosom rose and fell.

"Well, Miss, it's like this," said he, stepping forward, "we've been paid, and paid very handsome, too, to keep you out of that youngster's way for a spell. Half down and the other on completion of our contract, as you might say. Besides, you won't come to no

[Continued overleaf.]

## Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. Q. Studdy.



IV.—THE HAIR-RAISING FEELING OF THE MACHINE-BRUSH.



harm, and it'll be all right if he's still waiting for you when you get back. If he isn't, why, Miss, you see, that'll be all right too. Anyway, it'll be no concern of ours. Besides, I shouldn't think a Dago was much loss to a fine girl like you, Miss!"

The captain looked wickedly at the mate, whose honest English contempt for Dagos was little to his liking.

"Señorita, I have decided. Go to your bunk!"

"No. This is kidnapping! I claim the protection of my flag. . . . You shall pay for this outrage!"

At that moment the steward came in to lay the table for supper.

"Hadn't you better go to your cabin, Miss Duprez?" asked Kirk.

Anita's instinct told her that this weather-worn sailor was her friend—that he would use her courteously, and that he would protect her. He was wild and lawless, rough and ready, at times brutal to the men; but through all his life, from the time he ran away to sea, he had faced storm and bitter hardships—fierce loves—and fiercer fights in strange corners of the world. God's winds had blown him through all the seas wherever the keels of the wandering traders go, and bred something noble in him. But Pedro Suarez was a true Dago.

Anita turned slowly at his suggestion, and came face to face with Olsenborg, who was coming below.

"Ho-ho!" said the great, blue-eyed Northerner slowly. "Who is der lady? She seem opset!"

Kirk went on deck to relieve him, and Olsenborg sat down and stuffed beef into his mouth and poured out whisky. His yellow hair shone in the lamplight as he flung his cap on a locker in clumsy deference to the girl. As he drank, he looked at her again and met her eyes.

"Eh, Captain, what is she doing on the sheep? Eet ees not goot!"

"Look here, Olsenborg, this lady is my wife. I did not tell you I was getting married!"

"Oh-ho! your wife . . . she looks like eet!"

"No! No!" cried Anita.

"So, you are a liar! What haf you been paid to do this?"

Suarez struck the table. "Mind what you are saying," said he, "or I shall have to show you who is captain on this ship."

"Vera goot! We will talk of eet anodder time!"

Then, turning to the girl—

"Go to bed, my dear. I see you are very opset—very opset! I know weemen a leetle!"

This was probably true, for he was a proper man to look on. Anita glanced at him and left the cuddy.

The presence of the kidnapped girl on a deep-water ship could only cause trouble from the very first. The men who captured her had been well paid, but now Olsenborg put in a claim for the price of his complicity. "Otherwise," said he, "I shall split at the very first port where there is a Consul."

The boatswain, a superior kind of devil, who had been a pearler and mate of a labour schooner, and a deserter from the U.S. navy, also demanded a share. Suarez got mad, and talked of "Slitting the wench's throat—ending it once for all!"

"If you do that," said Kirk, "you give the men a stronger hold than ever."

"If we have to buy off the whole crew we shall be beggared by this business!" snarled the skipper.

Olsenborg grinned with appreciation.

"Por todos Santos! Cursed be the day I ever saw the baggage!" fumed Suarez.

The others laughed outright. . . .

On deck, Anita was the cynosure of every eye—the object of remarks and grins. The blue sea ran in long, sparkling swells under a blue sky. The ship's canvas was one huge mountain of sweet white, with violet shadows. She heaved and plunged gently as the wind sang to her. The crew lounged about picturesquely in their dirty, variegated clothes. Anita noticed that they all wore a belt with a curious knife whose handle was sunk halfway in its sheath. She walked to the man whose paint and tar grimed hands grasped the wheel-spokes.

"What strange knives you've all got—what are they for?" He glanced swiftly at her face and then aloft, and turned the wheel ever so little to port.

"May I see it?" asked she, and put out her hand.

"Yess, bien sur, Mam'selle!" He was a Breton.

She drew out the broad blade. On its black handle was a little

brass horse's head. The back of the knife was blunt, and a saw-like jaggle ran half-way down the five-inch blade. The bos'un, who was keeping the watch, came over.

"That's a 'Green River Knife'! That's its name—you can see it stamped on the blade—there. All good Sheffield steel. Most deep-water sailors use 'em, and they're very handy."

The *Jacqueline* beat round the Horn in terrible weather. The sails froze hard, and the steel bit like fire when touched. One of the crew was washed overboard. Great seas swept, fretting and boiling and churning, over her decks. She rolled and pitched and groaned and reeled, yet with a certain stateliness in all her movements.

But presently she drew clear of the dreaded seas that Magellan was the first to sail, and bore across the Pacific for Australia.

Anita Duprez found life more endurable than she would have thought possible. She was friends with Kirk and Olsenborg, but her hatred of Suarez was unconcealed, and he followed her with eyes which boded no good. . . .

All day long the grey clouds had stooped to narrow horizons, scurrying before an ever-freshening gale. The *Jacqueline* staggered along, washing through the rising seas and leaning to leeward like a toy-boat that a child pulls by a string. Kirk and Olsenborg were on deck. Anita was in the cuddy with Suarez. She made a move to go to her cabin. The Dago caught her wrists, and his face was close to hers. . . .

On the quarter-deck Kirk stopped.

"Olsenborg! Did you hear anything?"

"No!"

"Listen!"

Both men stepped to the skylight.

"My God! Look!" . . .

Kirk leaped down the companion wrenching back the doors. His hand flashed to his hip. Suarez fell back beyond the table. Anita sank on to the transom lockers—wide-eyed, white, and rigid. Silent as a bulldog, knife in hand, Kirk sprang straight at Suarez. He knocked up the Spaniard's revolver, and two bullets smashed the skylight. The vessel rolled heavily and the men went down. Kirk's knife rose and glinted. The captain shrieked—once.

"You Dago dog—you devil!" whispered the mate. "That's done you!"

The Green River knife rose again, wet and red! Suarez made curious small noises, and Kirk got up. His eyes were quite red—red as the knife he held. Olsenborg was standing in the doorway, his revolver drawn. He put it slowly into his pocket and came forward, balancing against the yawing and sheering of the ship.

"Dod is murder, Kirk!"

The gale whistled without. In the cuddy it was very still.

Kirk stared at the corpse, turned on his heel, and went on deck without a word.

As Olsenborg picked Anita up in his great arms, the cold of his dripping oilskins revived her. She stirred and moaned. He put her in her bunk. She opened her eyes and shrank away, putting up her hands.

His wet "oily" rustled as he put out a big hand and touched her face. She caught it to her and began to cry. He ran his other hand over her hair and heaving shoulders.

"There, Miss Anita! There, then! It is all right now! So, so! Dot is besser. Now I get you sometinks!"

"Don't—don't leave me!"

"Eet is all right, now. You may belief me!"

He withdrew his hands and went into the cuddy to get the spirits. He forced her to drink. The ship raced on. He lighted Anita's cabin lamp and left her, shutting the door. He stared for a moment, as he buttoned his oilskins, at Suarez, whose blood was running gently back and forth across the cabin floor. Then he went on deck.

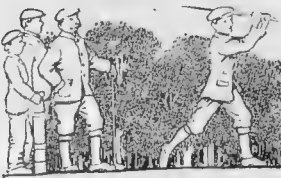
The cuddy grew still—so still that a rat came out and fed upon some crumbs of food.

"No one knows—yet!" said Olsenborg in Kirk's ear. "What shall we do with it?"

"They'll have to know, though!" said Kirk. "We could never hide that blood; but it's a lifer for me,—his eyes!"

There is an old man trading in an archipelago of the luxurious warm South Seas who bears a marked resemblance to John Kirk. I saw Anita Duprez the other day. She is still a dancer of world-wide fame—under a name that is my secret.

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

**Jiggers for August.** Since I first mentioned the matter of special strokes for summer conditions of play—and they are sure to exist still in a very acute form, despite the break in the drought—I find that it has engaged the most sympathetic attention of golfers of many kinds. It is now urged upon me that the club which we call the jigger has come in for a renewed vogue this season, and I had noticed the point for myself. If ever there was a season when the jigger was a useful club to have in the bag it is the one we are engaged with now. There was a time when this article was quite popular, but its points were never thoroughly understood. When well lofted, it was too often regarded as an alternative for the mashie on the one hand, or, with little loft, was used for cleek shots of the shorter kind. Amid the confusion and misunderstanding it seemed to go out, and James Braid remarked with apparent truth a year or two back that it had had its day. But after its period of comparative suspension it is coming back again, and is being better appreciated. You find it in most clubmakers' shops just now. Yet there is still a wide variation in the designs and the distribution of the weight—too wide.



EVIDENTLY WELL TAUGHT BY HER FATHER: A VERY CORRECT DRIVE BY DUNCAN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

One of the most popular competitors in the Children's Golf Tournament, organised by the "Daily Mirror," and played at Park Langley last Tuesday, was little Elva Duncan, daughter of the famous George Duncan, who has carefully coached her, and acted as her caddie, a distinction, probably, that no other lady golfer could boast. Little Miss Duncan won the second prize in the tournament, a bag of clubs. The ages of the competitors (five boys and four girls) ranged from seven years to three years eleven months.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*

way along. Being narrow and heavy, the designers are often much troubled as to where to put what they seem to regard as the superfluous weight, and I have seen some cases in which it has been stacked in the middle, or even above the middle, instead of right down below, as it ought to be. Tom Vardon, who is a good believer in the club, insisted on making me a present of a fine model of one that he had, as a keepsake, just before he went to America, and an exceptionally good jigger this has turned out to be, as most gift clubs do not. It is three and a-quarter inches long in the blade, seven-eighths deep in the narrowest part, one and a-quarter at the widest, and its very wide sole is a full three-quarters all along, while on the top it is but an eighth. It seems to me that this is a very fine kind of jigger, and just the club for special summer use. Its true function is an iron shot with practically no run, and there is no other club that will do such work so well and certainly. Approaching at full iron-shot distance to a baked green, it gives you all the necessary length,

and affords the ball a good chance of staying somewhere in the vicinity of the place where it pitched, instead of bouncing along into the bunkers or the long grass beyond. I do not agree with some eminent authorities who say that it is a very easy club to become accustomed to. It needs the most careful and exact handling, and seems very different in the feel and the swing from any other; but once you have played yourself into the proper use of it, much dependence can be placed on it. The ball should be taken cleanly, or very nearly so, when using it. Mr. "Chick" Evans, the young American who became such a favourite on his recent visit to our links, is a keen devotee of the jigger.

**Fancies of the Time.** What are called wooden cleeks are being more employed this season, and they are particularly clubs for summer use, picking the ball up nicely and easily from hard and low lies. They have small and stumpy wooden heads, rather deep in the face and considerably laid back; but there seems something just a trifle freakish about them, and when you catch a man with one in his bag he generally begins to explain its presence there in an apologetic kind of way. There is again a renewed demand for wooden putters—I fancy Harry Vardon's success in the championship has had something to do with it, but it ought not to have done—and though the plain iron putting implement is still, and most worthily, chief favourite, and when fairly well laid back is, I am sure, the most reliable putter in most hands for summer use, there is once more a large supply of novelties on offer, and, of course, they are absorbed in good time. Golfers are always ready to try new ideas in putters, and the little heavy balls have been giving much trouble on the greens, though I have come to the conclusion that when you become quite accustomed to their peculiarities you like their behaviour, and can depend very well upon them.



WHERE THE CADDIE IS ORNAMENTAL AS WELL AS USEFUL: PICTURESQUE VILLAGE MAIDENS CARRYING CLUBS ON THE OBERHOF LINKS.

In this country golfers are apt to regard the caddie rather as a useful accessory than as "a thing of beauty." It is otherwise, however, on the Oberhof links, a nine-hole course in the Thuringian Forest. There, as our photograph shows, the duties of caddie are undertaken by pretty village maidens in picturesque native dress.

*Photograph by Topical.*

**Points of the Club.** It is, or should be, a club with a long and narrow blade, and, instead of broadening out very much towards the toe, as do other iron clubs, it is almost the same width the whole



VERY FIRMLY OUT OF THE BUNKER: DUNCAN'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER GIVES AN EXAMPLE TO HER ELDERS.

Much astonishment was expressed by grown-up golfers at the fine form shown by the little players in the Children's Tournament. Some twenty people followed little Elva Duncan round the course, watching her play with the greatest interest. Her father, George Duncan, said that she was given to moods, and that the last time he tried to coach her before the match she rolled on the grass and would not touch a club. But in the tournament itself she was very keen, and played in the most correct style.—*(Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.)*

**An Original Putter.** One of the most original of the new putters I have seen lately is one that I handled in a large golf-stores the other day, the manager informing me that there had been a big demand for it among his customers. It has a long metal head, and the face, instead of being laid back or even straight, leans very slightly forward, so that it would seem the tendency would be to push the ball into the turf somewhat, while the said face recedes towards the toe, giving a tendency to slice or cut the putt. It is a kind of dodge for controlling the little ball on fast greens; but, though some parts of the idea are good, it is a club that needs much understanding and practising with.



# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## PARIS REVISITED.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

ONE should never see one's old love again. I am back here in Paris. I came, I saw, I was disgusted. Is it a different Paris, or is it a different Phrynette? In one year Paris has shrunk incredibly, its Apaches have multiplied—they have, I assure you. The railway porters are Apaches, or look like them; and if the very Customs officer who snarled at us and vented his rage on my prettiest *dessous* (which would have melted any heart except a French douanier's), if he is not an Apache—well, my name is not Phrynette. It is not at all necessary to cut people's throats to belong to the vast *confraternité* of Apaches. One can be a hooligan at heart even under the uniform of a *sergent-de-ville*. Those among you who know the French people will know that here even the bourgeois are revolutionaries, only they hide it under their fat. Of course, it is quite permissible, nay, even praiseworthy, to be revolutionary—else where would progress come from?—but it should not prevent one from being amiable and good-natured. For instance, I, who am also a revolutionary, well, I always take off my hat at a *matinée*, even in these days when the new flat coils are such tricky things.

London is black, but its blackness can't be helped—you know that it is smoke and fog. I find the "Ville Lumiere" very dark indeed, but neither the soot nor the climate is responsible. Paris is an unkempt, a dirty, a cruel city. I will concede that it is not a dull one. It afforded me three shocks in one hour. The first shock impressed most, as it was a personal experience. I have not decided yet whether or not to sue the company of the Ouest-Etat railway for bruises sustained on my left ankle through slipping in a hole in the floor of the waiting-room at the St. Lazare Station. The waiting-room was ill-lit, and the hole was unguarded. I expect there will be many a broken leg before the matter is attended to. The French friend who was waiting for us on the platform told us, with a shrug, that the hole and himself were quite old enemies—he had dropped his eyeglass in it the week before. The bruise did not hurt much, but that Austen should have said that France was not a civilised country made me feel very sore, all the more so that I am afraid he is quite right.

Shock No. 2 was a taxi accident, and a very simple affair it was. The driver backed his car suddenly with a superb insouciance into a *marchande des quatre-saisons*. The carrots and the turnips escaped with a mere bath in the gutter, but the coster-woman was less lucky.

Shock No. 3 was a free fight between the page of La Cigale and some other young ruffian. There is no need, you will think, for anyone who

dislikes brawls and disorders to go to Montmartre. But what are typical British citizens, holiday-making and respectful of traditions—what are they to do, tell me, in the Gay City? I will inquire to-morrow from a dear friend of mine, the guide and father-confessor of English people in depression—namely, *ce cher* Raphael. What do I know, I ask you, of the Paris "where one amuses oneself" who lived there as a *jeune fille*? It's no good relying on Austen to take you to the really amusing places, because he is far too hypocritical to admit he knows them. All I can do is to believe he has forgotten them. So that to-morrow I will put on the most Parisian of my frocks and call on Raphael, his charming wife, and their lucky dog, Fossette. I loathe calls, but I am looking forward to this one. I'll love to re-dip myself in the English atmosphere—Raphael's home is more homely and more English than even yours, English reader of mine. And he is the sort of man who always promises that he will "fall on your pretty neck" when he next sees you. That's what he says; but it is mere gasconade, as he has remained too Anglicised to do such a thing, tut, tut! that's what I say—to my husband. And apropos of my husband, he has grown wonderfully during the last twenty-four hours. His hair is more fair, his eyes more blue, his chin more resolute—the very cleft in it is deeper—and I never admired so much the cut of his clothes as since we are in Paris. I always was proud of my husband; but in London, among so many handsome men, his handsomeness does not come out so forcibly, while the "Boulevards actually put it in relief. My countrymen help a great deal in the beautifying of Austen. They make him appear still more majestic, more calm, more

sure of himself and secure in his strength. They look like little black, performing poodles around a British lion. The worst of it is that he quite puts me in the shade. He is an uncommonly good-looking Englishman—I am only a little Frenchwoman among thousands of others, and neither better nor worse to look at than they.

Not even my dresses attract anyone's attention here, for the shop-girl's frocks are as fashionable as my own, and she is not afraid to flaunt the newest thing, which is hardly permissible in London unless one wishes to be conspicuous. It is so easy in England to gain a reputation for elegance by following fashion at a very disrespectful distance, while here . . . and that reminds me that my newest hat turns its brim at quite the wrong side. It knew no better, poor thing, until seven o'clock yesterday—by the St. Lazare clock.



THE YOUNGEST CHILD OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY: PRINCESS GIOVANNA.

The little Princess, whose full name is Giovanna Elisabetta Antonia Maria, was born at Rome on Nov. 13, 1907. Photograph by Bellini and Grossi.



THE THREE ELDEST OF ITALY'S ROYAL CHILDREN: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCESS YOLANDA, THE CROWN PRINCE, AND PRINCESS MAFALDA.

Princess Yolanda, the eldest child of the King and Queen of Italy, was born at Rome on June 1, 1901. The second child, Princess Mafalda, was born at Rome on Nov. 19, 1902. The Crown Prince, Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, their Majesties' third child, was born at the Castle of Racconigi on Sept. 15, 1904. [Photographs by Bellini and Grossi.]



THE FAIRY OF THE SHELL: LADY MERCY GREVILLE AS A LITTLE MERMAIDEN.

Lady Mercy Greville, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, was born in 1904. Her elder sister, Viscountess Helmsley, who married Lord Helmsley in 1904, is just twenty years older. Her brother, Lord Brooke, was born in 1882. [Photograph by Bassano.]

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Careful Driving Wins for England.

According to the views of a competitor in the lately concluded Prince Henry Tour, the German cars which took part in the event were

more carefully tuned up for the test than those representing this country, while certain of the English vehicles were far from new, and had already seen a good deal of service. Under these conditions it is gratifying to find that the Trophy comes to this country, where I fancy it will remain, unless it is handed back to the gracious donor in default of a competition. My authority ascribes the British success largely to careful driving, and suggests that the Germans rather took it out of their vehicles by furious driving over the section in their own country. It is curious that there is no suggestion on any side of a return visit, or another competition of the kind, the major portion of which should take place in Germany next year.

## A Tale of Broken 'Planes.

The great Aeroplane Reliability Trial, which came to a close on Wednesday last at Brooklands, very early resolved itself into a duel à outrance between Vedrines, the French mechanic, and the French naval officer, Beaumont, whose name is Conneau. As all the world knows, Beaumont and the Blériot monoplane defeated Vedrines and the Morane. Valentine, the plucky young Englishman who was third at Edinburgh, on a Deperdussin, had to stop in Scotland with a damaged propeller-shaft, while the remaining fourteen who left Brooklands were scattered at points between Hendon and Edinburgh with machines which have all failed in some respect or other. The results point conclusively to urgent necessity for reliability trials such as this, and as opposed to the mount-and-mount-again scramble of the European circuit. I am informed that had young Valentine had anything like the skilled mechanical assistance enjoyed by the two great aviators who finished, his third would have been a creditable one.

## Something Like Progress.

"Twenty-five Years of Automobilism: A Record of Daimler Progress," is the title of an interesting brochure just issued by the Daimler Motor Company, in which the history of the Daimler car, from the application of the benzine carburetter to a gas-engine by Gottlieb Daimler to the adoption of the Knight silent sleeve-valve engine, is most interestingly traced. Some of the contrasts are strikingly illustrative of the phenomenal progress of automobilism. In the early months of 1896, the Daimler Company commenced operations with but a handful of men, and up to 1898 the output of the works consisted mainly of 6-h.p. cars, 90 men being employed to turn out one car per week. Two years later, 350 men turned out three cars; and in 1904, 600 men put out six cars. Now, in this present year of grace, 5000 men are turning out sixty cars per week. In the matter of distances, one is reminded that, thirteen years ago, a daily

average of 35 miles was accounted good; to-day, a man drives 200 miles in a day without much ado; while London to Edinburgh, 400 miles, is only a matter of keeping going.

## Motors, Motor-Cycles, and Aeroplanes Exempt.

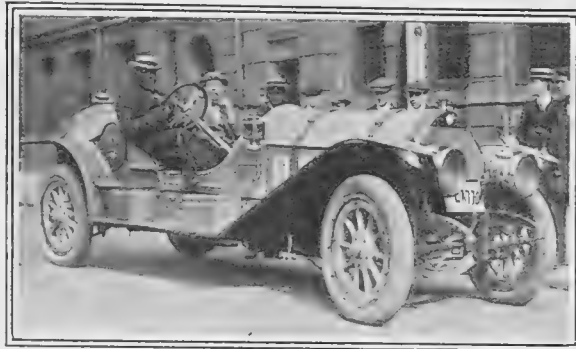
The agitation and representations of the Royal Automobile Club, together with the great outcry in the columns of the motor and cycling Press, have had the happy effect of exempting the motor, cycle, and, sooth to say, aero trades from the effects of the Shops Bill. It is difficult to imagine why the London members should have objected to these exemptions, for to-day cycling on Sundays is very largely the pursuit of the working-man both in town and country, while quite a good sprinkling of him favours motor-cycling. It is consoling to find that our legislators are sometimes inclined to take a forward view, as is suggested by the exemption of the aero trade from the effect of this measure. The aviator of the immediate future may want to buy petrol or lubricating-oil on a Sunday just as urgently as your motorist or motor-cyclist. Well, now he can do it, and motor-garage proprietors will soon have to take the provision of aeroplane-pitches into consideration.

## Talbot Triumphs.

The telling adjective "invincible" was applied to Talbot cars two or three seasons ago by reason of their continued successes in both hemispheres. By a list of wins just submitted to me this qualification is still deserved. In the face of much strenuous competition, the Talbots have not stood still, for since the middle of last month the Riley Cup was won, for the third time, in the Mid-Staffordshire Hill Climb, while the Challenge Cup in the Sheffield Hill Climb went to Mr. Hind's Talbot for the third year in succession. At Saltburn the Talbots re-captured the Yorkshire Club's Trophy, besides four gold medals and cups. The Welsh Auto and Aero Club's Challenge Cup was won by Mr. Davies Talbot; and, going farther afield, the Transvaal A.C. competition for the Park Trophy saw Talbots finishing first, second, third, and fourth, taking the Trophy for the second year in succession.

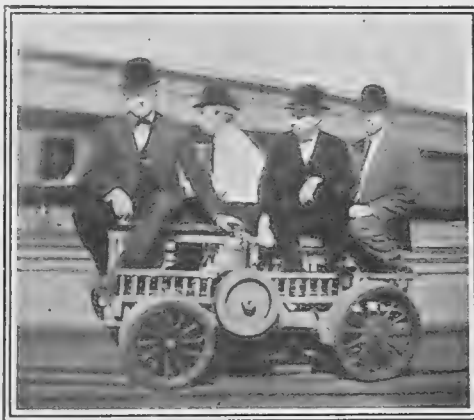
## Royal Patronage for Avons.

There is no British-made pneumatic tyre that enjoys a better native reputation than the Avon, which hails from one of the best-appointed rubber works in the country, at Melksham, Wilts. Wonderful wear records have been piled up by the smooth-tread Avons, so it is not remarkable that their fame should travel abroad and earn high patronage for them overseas. I learn incidentally that the King of the Belgians, who is a motorist both practical and ardent, and follows the development of automobilism very closely, is a patron of Avon tyres. Now in what wise and how should the Avon India-Rubber Company quarter the royal arms of Belgium?



THE CHAMPION BLACK BOXER AS A MOTORIST: JACK JOHNSON AT THE WHEEL OF HIS CAR.

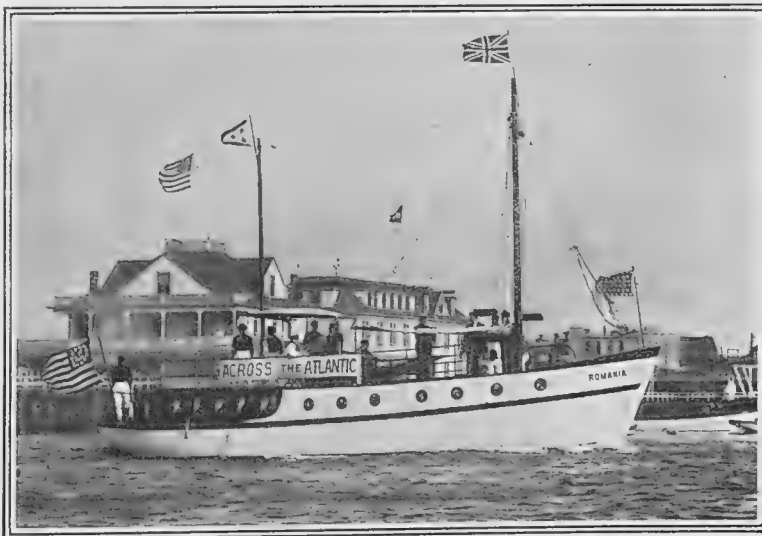
Jack Johnson, the famous negro boxer, is, like most sportsmen, a keen motorist. Our photograph shows him at the wheel of his car during his residence in Shaftesbury Avenue.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



A MOTOR-TROLLEY THAT RUNS ON A RAILWAY: A CAR TO TAKE RAILWAY-MEN TO WORK ON THE PITTSBURG LINE.

American railways are now adopting small motor-cars to take their men from place to place along the line, instead of the old hand-cars, which, being propelled by a lever, tired the men before they reached their work. The car shown in the photograph has an 8-h.p. gasoline engine, and can carry five men at thirty miles an hour on a level track.

Photograph by International Press Photo. Co.



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY MOTOR-BOAT: THE AMERICAN YACHT "ROMANIA," WHICH HAS PROVED THE VALUE OF MOTOR-POWER IN MANY SEAS.

The Transatlantic trip of the "Romania" was regarded by motor-boatmen as an important demonstration of the future of motor-power at sea. She left New York on July 15, with Captain John Weller, who built the boat himself, and a crew of five. The "Romania" is a miniature yacht of the raised-deck cruiser type. She is fifty feet over all, with twelve feet beam and three feet draught, and has a 37½-h.p. 3-cylinder engine. She carries 15,000 gallons of gasoline.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.





By CAPTAIN COE

**A Racing Carnival.** Bank Holiday weeks are great carnivals of racing, meetings being held all over the country. This is particularly so at Easter and Whitsuntide, when the two seasons, running concurrently, afford dozens of executives the opportunity of having small fixtures under National Hunt rules. Although there is really no close season proper under that code, it has been generally considered that the season opens with the August meeting at Newton Abbot, but this year has provided a new régime, and Blackpool set the pace this week with the first instalment of its eight days' racing. Whether the three days at Clifton Park will affect the prosperity of meetings like Hooton and Newton Abbot remains to be seen, but I should hardly think so, at

**Two-Year-Olds.** The situation as regards two-year-olds, changes almost every week, and it would be a difficult task to name the best of that age. I daresay most people would vote for Lady Americus, who has won both her races very easily, but her scope may be, and probably is, limited to five furlongs. At any rate, the suggestion was conveyed by her absence from the six furlongs Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, the stable in which she is trained winning with Sweeper II. This is a difficult colt to ride, but he is evidently a very smart one with a strong man on his back, and W. Waugh, the Kingsclere trainer, was heard to remark that he reckoned him the best of his age. Personally I prefer others, and I fancy that Mr. Hulton's Lomond would make the best of them gallop on level terms. When he succumbed to Jaeger at Hurst Park he had considerably the worse of the weights, but made a good fight of it, indications not being wanting that he might have won with that handicap wiped out. At the same time, Jaeger is an exceptionally fast colt, and one that takes after his flying sire, Eager, in his hurry to get away from the barrier. Strangely enough, he, like Sweeper II., is awkward to handle, but not to such an extent; nevertheless, it is necessary to understand him to keep him going. It is quite on the cards that Mr. Hulton's Lomond will win the Gimcrack Stakes at York. Should he do so, the well-known managing director of the *Sporting Chronicle* and other papers would, in his speech at the Gimcrack dinner later in the year, be able to give us some interesting details of the important part sport in general, and horse-racing in particular, plays in journalism. Others that have to be considered when searching for the best two-year-old are Belleisle and Javelin, which belong to Lord Falmouth and the Duke of Devonshire. Both have shown excellent promise,



A PREMIER AMONG MULES: CASIMIR, AGED TEN MONTHS, A VERY FINE SPECIMEN OF HIS RACE.

The ancient industry of mule-breeding in Poitou has lately been revived and stimulated by the agricultural society of Deux-Sèvres, which has instituted shows and a mule-breeding stud-book. Casimir, shown in the above photograph, was one of the finest specimens of young mules exhibited at a show at Niort, the capital of the Department of Deux-Sèvres.—[Photograph by Neumann.]

any rate in the case of the latter, which appeals more to local sentiment than anything else and commands a good holiday attendance. The "big" flat-race meetings crowded into next week are Sandown, Birmingham, Ripon, Kempton, Gatwick, Leicester, and Ayr, all of which, with the exception of Sandown, are two-day fixtures. The arrangement whereby Sandown was granted a Bank Holiday fixture has worked well, and the park at Esher is filled with a typical crowd on that day.

**The Nursery Season.** In about a month's time, we shall be starting on the Nursery season, a period when the troubles of the punter are increased greatly. The Nursery Handicap affords owners of moderate two-year-olds that could not possibly win weight-for-age races a chance of getting something towards their corn and training bill, and consequently a fair percentage of such races are contested by very poor specimens of the thoroughbred. A youngster that is treated with such contumely by the handicapper that it is awarded 6st. in a Selling Nursery may be considered to have reached the very limit of mediocrity. Such do not add lustre to the turf, and most of them are never heard of after their first season; others linger on until the autumn of their three-year-old days provides them with their first opportunity of joining the ranks of the hurdle-racers. However, there are nurseries and nurseries: some, like the Devonshire and the Chesterfield, for instance, at Derby, usually attract very good class horses. The Glasgow Nursery, at Doncaster, last year was won by Braxted under 9 st., and in the Prince of Wales's Nursery at the same meeting there were such good horses as Zohara (who won), Eton Boy (who made a very good show in the Derby), and Atmah (who won the One Thousand Guineas). Other good now three-year-olds that figured with success in nurseries last year are Graball, Persism, Toiler, Ornette, Growler, Sandwich, Highway-side, Brummel, Mushroom, and First Flight. Usually the nursery season opens at Derby, but this year Gatwick is first in the field with one on each of its two days. They are due to close next Tuesday, whereas those to be run at Derby a few days later closed yesterday. They were all well patronised; indeed, it is only in the nature of things that such races should be extensively supported.



IN A VERY WARM COAT FOR THIS WEATHER: A MULE OF POITOU.

The most common type of mule, such as the above, is the offspring of an ass and a mare; that of a horse and a she-ass is more rare, and generally smaller. The mule here shown, whose name is Vainqueur, belongs to a French breeder, of Charente-Inférieure. The mules of Poitou are famous, and the district so-named includes parts of Charente and Charente-Inférieure. A well-known Poitevin agriculturist once said that if the mule did not exist it would be necessary to invent it, such a useful animal is it.—[Photograph by Neumann.]

Belleisle having won two races with extreme ease, and Javelin having beaten Lom, one of the best-tried horses at Newmarket.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Brighton I fancy the following—To-day: Stanmer Plate, Flipperty; Berwick Welter, Corea; Brighton Cup, Hornet's Beauty; Rottingdean Plate, Meddling; Sussex Plate, Sherboro. Wednesday: Bramber Plate, Meddling; High-weight Handicap, Bachelor's Knight; Southdown Plate, Fireball; Cliftonville Plate, Kadine. Lewes—Friday: Open Long Welter, Titus Oates; De Warrenne Handicap, Sagittari filly; Three-Years Handicap, Thorn-dyke; Nevill Plate, Bryony; Astley Stakes, Pollen. Saturday: Maiden Plate, Scotchlike; Southdown Welter, Wedgwood; Mile Handicap, Butcher Bird; Lewes Handicap, Dennery; Priory Plate, Bachelor's Hope. Haydock Park—Friday: August Handicap, Klerksdorp; Flixton Welter, Pipe of Port; Gerard Plate, Green Cloth. Saturday: Wigan Welter, Sun Cloud; Grand Stand Handicap, May Lily; Three-Year Plate, Bannockburn. Sandown—Monday: North Surrey Handicap, Vastern; August Handicap, Chateau Vert; Lubbock Handicap, Noramac.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Villégiature in England.**

For those persons who are accustomed to travel far and wide, a short part of their annual villégiature should be spent in England, more particularly in certain districts where the national traits of Superiority and Fussiness run riot, so to speak, for in no other way will they be able to get impressions of their native land as striking as those they receive of alien countries. Indeed, the intelligent foreigner in search of a quick way to the comprehension of the modern English middle class should be led by the hand and dumped down

in certain rural districts in this island (in Ireland, I feel sure there is nothing analogous), where he would at once be met by every kind of manifestation of the islanders' singularity. He would find model public-houses which nobody visited; libraries and reading-rooms—some even provided with that delirious form of excitement, the bagatelle-board—echoing with hollow emptiness from dawn to dewy eve. He would find enthusiastic spinsters teaching grinning yokels the morris-dance—a general tendency, in short, for the abstemious and



[Copyright.]

**A BLOUSE FOR THE COUNTRY.**

This simple blouse for the country is in "rep," or nun's veiling, piped in a contrasting shade, and finished with a turn-down collar and flat sailor bow.

cultured Middle Class to impose its ideals on the nation. This is so marked a feature of country life nowadays that you can judge the character of the "gentry" of a rural district by certain outward signs and portents.

**The Trail of the Superior Person.**

Every part of England, to be sure, has its own character, its special traits, but it must be admitted that the Home Counties are peculiarly liable to the visitations of the Superior Person. Here ineffable gentility, mental as well as physical, trips about the country-side and seeks to disguise the somewhat brutal truths of Nature, and the uncompromising ways of homely, natural folk. All must be done in order, and according to fixed ethical standards, with an eye to the picturesque. In this hilly region, not fifty miles from the turmoil of the town, you would, if you were landed from an aeroplane, know where you were by various outward and visible signs. At the post office is a notice "earnestly requesting you to abstain from the disgusting practice of spitting." A sign-post in a whispering wood permits you to use the foot-path, but you are passionately exhorted not to leave pieces of paper behind you as a memento of your progress through the deliciously-scented firs. At a certain spot on the station-road, which turns steeply upwards, there has been erected, by the care of kindly humanitarians, a large board bearing the legend: "It is requested that bearing-reins may be loosened on going up the hill." This solicitude for animals extends to the human variety, whose mental food is well looked after, so that you shall see the works of Nietzsche, Flaubert, and William Blake in the village street, together with an urgent appeal to subscribe to German cultured reviews.

**Earnest Dress Reformers.**

Moreover, ideals on dress reform are assiduously propagated by the visitors and summer residents on these exquisite uplands. Most of them walk about without any head-covering whatever, in the blazing sun or the whistling wind, regardless of sunstroke or neuralgia. Sandals are seen on the heather, and the big toe is worn divided from its slimmer fellows. Umbrellas are not in fashion, even on the most typical English summer day; to be clothed in fine wool, and soaked through thoroughly once every twenty-four hours, would seem to be envisaged as a kind of treatment or "cure." It may be efficacious, but the persons burnt, soaked, and dried up again in the open air have sometimes a curiously stringy and battered appearance, much as have the too-ardent enthusiasts for Alpine sports. In order to train the young idea in the right direction, the smallest babies are sent out denuded of any head-covering but the paltry down which Nature bestows on us to begin life with. Need I say that the men wear turn-down flannel collars and knitted, rolled stockings which bulge mightily about the calf; that they have intellectual brows, and invariably wear a pince-nez?

**Unmistakeable Signs of Culture.**

Moreover, there are other outward signs of the inward, invisible grace so peculiar to the visitors to this neighbourhood. There is, for sale, a perfect epidemic of pottery of every kind and shape, and in the subtly planned gardens Mrs. Watts's heroic-sized vases and urns are frothing over with summer flowers. But it must not for an instant be supposed that our gardens are as other pleasures. No vulgar, common flowers—except those which make an especial æsthetic appeal or are in high fashion among cultured persons for some obscure reason—are permitted to raise their heads above the soil. All red flowers, more especially geraniums, seem to be banished; yellow is a little out of favour, pink is only tolerated, while blue, purple, lavender, and white are all seen in great profusion. We are great, hereabouts, in herbaceous borders, and more than one promising friendship has been shattered through one highly cultivated summer resident having borrowed and copied, too closely, the ideas of another. Such thefts are justly held to be unpardonable in a highly civilised community like our own, for it is not easy nowadays, so advanced is the science of horticulture, to achieve an herbaceous border which shall rank triumphantly above all its fellows in this happy island. In short, we are, in every respect—from our habit of drinking water and largely living on nut-butter to enthusiasm for mediæval sports and pastimes—a thoroughly typical community of modern middle-class people.



[Copyright.]

**A WRAP FOR MOTORING OR TRAVELLING.**

The above is a motor or travelling wrap in dark-coloured charmuse, trimmed with spotted foulard.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 14.*

## UNSETTLEMENT.

**P**OLITICS and finance mix about as happily as oil and water, beer and benedictine, oranges and lemons. The air is charged with political gases, an explosion imminent at any moment. Markets are perplexed and worried by the uncertainty of what may be going to happen next. The old Stock Exchange refrain, "Sell, sell, and you're sure to do well," has again exemplified its value as a practical working guide. We stand now on the verge of the holiday season, and nobody cares to go away with more stock open than he can help. All things considered, the prospect is still a little stormy. August should see a good many ups and downs in the markets, and in so far as they tend to relieve the monotony of the dog-days, the Stock Exchange should be thankful to them for that.

## HOME RAILWAYS NOW.

The point to bear in mind just now in connection with Home Railway stocks is that the present are not dividend markets at all. Had the dividend announcements so far made been even much better, it is unquestionable that prices would have gone down just the same. Politics are holding the situation in their grip, and until politics settle down into something like normal grooves, prices will be independent of other influences. There is, as well, the bull account to be reckoned with, and in spite of well-meant efforts to show that this is not so great as some people say, we fear that it is too big to be altogether comfortable. Amongst the southern passenger stocks, this factor is particularly noticeable, but there are plenty of bulls of the Heavy Stocks as well. The holder who has bought his stock for investment can afford to stand with his back to the wall and defy the political elements. Sooner or later he will "come home" again; though manifestly the labour demands will grow ever more and more emphatic, and this consideration alone is keeping many cautious investors from the Home Railway Market to-day. Make due allowance for that, and you will find there remain a number of good points in favour of the investments *qua* investments.

## THE KAFFIR OUTLOOK.

Many correspondents have asked us lately whether, in our opinion, the Kaffir Circus must be looked upon as played out, or whether a revival can be expected to take place in course of time. We have taken counsel with some of the shrewdest and most successful men in the Kaffir Circus, have shared their views with ours, and in the end have arrived at a general consensus of opinion that Kaffirs—the best of them—have yet still more than a fighting chance left. By "best of them" we mean those of proved capacity for dividend-paying, and with reasonably long lives. To instance a couple of examples, the Wolhuter and the Witwatersrand (Knights) companies provide good specimens of what we mean. It is not only possible, but easy, to state objections against any share in the Kaffir Circus, from Rand Mines downwards, and it has to be admitted frankly enough that the market is in that state of stagnation from which it may appear that nothing short of an earthquake, or a volcano can dislodge it. There seems, however, no reason to despair, because all markets drop into a similar condition at times. The holder of good-class shares should keep them, and wait for the reawakening of interest that the turn of Fortune's wheel can be trusted to bring.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

In one way, it is well that such troublous times as those through which we have been passing came in the dog-days. In any case, we should not have been doing much business, and it must be admitted that all the falls and rallies have produced very little actual trade. There have been a good many markings in the Official List, but these do not necessarily mean a tremendous volume of orders, because, if I were to deal in £100 Home Railway stock, I should promptly mark the bargain, and so, no doubt, would hundreds of other brokers. No; we must be content to wait until some time in September for a revival in business, and even the annual hope of an August-boom in Kaffirs rests on a fairly flimsy foundation this year.

Talking about Kaffirs, there is rather a curious position open in Randfontein shares. Both in London and Glasgow, big buying orders have been left to take all the shares that come along at anything like the current price of 2½, and it is remarkable that Randfontein should have kept so steady during the days of depression, which have left their mark on other Kaffir shares. I hear vague hints from the country of buying for control purposes; but this sounds a pretty wild guess, because one would have thought that, unless some very strong group had got the matter in hand, the control of the Randfontein was already vested in the interests of Sir Joseph Robinson and his friends. What makes the buying all the more curious is the fact that Randfontein Central are a bad market—about three-eighths lower than the price of Randfontein shares themselves. So far as intrinsic value is concerned, the two should be on something of a par; but that they are not may be used as an argument in favour of those who say that there is "something up" in Randfontein which will result, in due course, in a sharp rise.

There is no putting the lid on to the enthusiasm for Canadian Pacifics. I was dealing in the shares in Shorter's Court last Thursday night, just as Mr. Asquith's speech on the Moroccan difficulties was coming through. Canadas had been 251, when in a few minutes they were offered straightaway down to 248, the market looking weak as water. Another two minutes and up the price went to 249 bid, to touch 252 this Saturday morning, just to show that Canadas were not going to play second fiddle to the mild boomlet in Home Rails. At their present price, Canadas look so temptingly high to sell that it is surprising there exists no bear

account worth mentioning; but probably this is due to the exceptional character of the proprietary, added to the expectation of most of us that the shares will see even higher prices.

There is a story going round the Stock Exchange which can be fitted to any firm whose name the narrator chooses to use, and in case some of the readers of *The Sketch* may not have heard it, may I proceed to unfold the tale? A certain well-known member of the House was captured by brigands in Albania, or some other equally out-of-the-way spot. The chief of the band blandly demanded a ransom of £10,000, which the captive laughingly declared he had not got with him. However, he promised to write home for it, and pending the arrival of an answer to his letter, he and the brigand chief became on very intimate terms—so much so, in fact, that the chief, after a few days, volunteered to let the captive go free, provided he gave his word of honour that the ransom money should be duly paid. Having given his word, the Englishman, on saying good-bye, remarked incidentally that he did not know how he should get the money out to the brigands, where the chief replied that he need have no difficulty on that score, because it would be only necessary to pay in the money to the agents of the band in London. The captive, astonished to hear that bandits should have agents in London, asked for the name of the firm, and the brigand calmly replied, "Messrs. So-and-So, of the Stock Exchange, London!"

Fire-eaters who go around saying they wish that war with Germany would break out, in order that the German Navy might be smashed while yet there is time, evidently fail to realise the gravity of their own suggestions. Nobody in his sober senses could advocate so horrible a thing as a modern war between first-class Powers would be, and in the very unthinkableness of this vision there lies safety and hope. Nevertheless, Vickers shares are worth buying, and the company has some quite excellent third debentures that are well secured and stand about 104. In view of the dead certainty that war preparations will increase during the next decade or so, Vickers and other armament concerns must surely have a good time in front of them.

One day last week, in one of the spasmodic rallies, a yarn went round to the effect that the German Emperor had ordered all the German waiters in England to return home and rejoin the Army; that they had refused, and that Consols had accordingly risen a quarter! It was a native of Berlin who related this to me, so I suppose its authenticity must be indisputable.

It's high time that the Stock Exchange Committee made a definite move in the matter of fixing an official scale of commission. The provincial exchanges are not altogether seeing eye to eye with their Mother on the subject, and languid negotiations are dragging along in the hope of finding a scale agreeable to the Associated Stock Exchanges, as well as acceptable to London. Meanwhile, however, the scalpers are becoming more and more greedy, cutting down commissions to a coolie rate which is not only absurdly, but dangerously, low, having regard to the amount of risk run and the expenses which must be undertaken to do the business.

By all means let everything be done to secure unanimity amongst the Exchanges; but if agreement be impossible, then let London take the lead in making a definite stand against this impudent dictation of unfair brokerage which is imposed by certain clients who are mostly of foreign extraction, and who know well enough that the stress of competition amongst members of the Stock Exchange is sufficiently severe to enable them, the clients, to fix the rates which they will generously concede.

You ought to watch that Broken Hill market; there's money to be made out of it. The tip is to buy Broken Hill Proprietary and North Broken Hill. These will move with the others, of course, and the latter company is doing so well that a further improvement would appear to be highly probable. To the speculator, however, Broken Hill Souths present, perhaps, even greater possibilities, because the price, once it gets going, moves like mercury in the hot weather. At the same time, they are all things that should be taken up in case of the market moving more slowly than anticipated. But, I repeat, there is money to be made out of the shares.

A lady client applied to her broker for advice as to making a purchase of some perfectly safe investments. The broker sent her a list of half-a-dozen Trustee stocks. She wrote back, saying that she really knew nothing about these matters, but that she had a charming lady-friend in Calcutta, so would the broker please put the money into India stock!

Following the same line of selection, you might just as reasonably refuse to buy Stock Exchange Debentures because you once lost money by not taking your profit on a tip given by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, July 29, 1911.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**AFRICAN MINES.**—If you care to send us a list of your holdings we will do our best in advising you. It is difficult to generalise. You will notice that we have a Note this week on the Kaffir outlook.

**R. D.**—The Parcel Post business was taken up by the Post Office in 1883, and we regret to say that we have no record of whether the earnings of "express companies in England were affected or if the price of the express stocks dropped."

**G. R. L.**—We consider Entre Rios 4 per cent. Debenture a good and safe investment of its class.

**ENQUIRER.**—Chatham Second Preference has given way on the Chairman's speech at the meeting, but we think you will see the price harden up if the present strength of the market is maintained. However, it might pay you to start selling, say £1000, on any improvement, and gradually reduce your holding on other rises.

**W. J. M.**—There has been large buying of the shares lately by Amsterdam people, and we think you ought to hold.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Weary and Wilted.** All my sisters whom I see in my walks abroad look white and tired, and there is a wistful look about them as though they yearned for fresh air and a measure of rest. It has been a going season: girls have had almost a surfeit of dancing, chaperones have had a long and steady round on duty, soldier-men have had a great deal of ornamental work to put in, amusement has been of the most strenuous. Nothing could have been more glorious than the weather; but everyone is tired, and London wants a rest. Soon we shall all be on the move. Scotland will, I hear, be very full again, and there is a run on accommodation at the seaside such as there has not been for years. This week Cowes is full, and the weary, wilting look is wearing off the pretty faces of those who are having their sunshine tempered with sea-breezes. The little yacht-port on the Solent is very much alive just now; most of those who are there, however, are looking on it only as the beginning of a migration which will soon take them further afield.



A FAMOUS LADY SHOT: MRS. ST. JOHN ALTON AT BISLEY.

In the Alexandra competition at Bisley the shooting of the ladies was an interesting feature. Mrs. Alton secured a total of 34 at the 200-yards range, and 30 at 600 yards. She tied with Mrs. Charman, and Miss Sharp was one point behind. All three were included in the prize list of the Alexandra against all comers, many of the competitors being among the best rifle-shots in the country.

Photograph by the Record Press.

unscrew and form cups, Windsor-fitted bags, and fitted suit-cases. These are all in pigskin, which finds much favour with men for many excellent qualities. The suit-cases have pockets at the top for shirts, which keep them separate from the rest of the contents of the case. The fold-up cases with all requisites for the toilet are good, and a specialty is made of providing these to take a customer's own fittings. A dust-proof luncheon-case in black patent-leather is very compact. It has enamelled and nickel-covered dishes, plates, and knives and forks, and places for two pint or two quart Thermos bottles, according to the size of case. Soon, I think, a man will be able to stow away all his kit in his own pockets. I saw such a capital pair of hair brushes in a tiny case. Trunks and boxes of all kinds are of the most practical, up-to-date, and best value at this establishment, where so many conveniences and luxuries for moving about are provided.

### The Sweetest Scents.

Nature's odours from her flowers are distilled into the celebrated Zenobia perfumes which are prepared by Mr. W. F. Charles, of the Laboratories at Loughborough. Sometimes I meet friends who do not know them. Any such should write for a dainty bijou sample box to above address. It contains a small bottle of perfume, a cake of soap, and a sachet in Lily-of-the-Valley or Rose Supreme for 4d. stamps, and Sweet-Pea Blossom or Night-Scented Stock for 3d.

### The Season's Last Race Meeting.

Goodwood was most enjoyable. It is true the King's absence was a disappointment, the more so that his Majesty's many friends felt that he needed some relaxation. Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox was hostess at Goodwood House for the last time to Royal guests; Prince



HOW LADIES KEEP THEIR SKIRTS DOWN WHILE SHOOTING AT BISLEY: MISS KENYON FIRING, WITH A MAT OVER HER.

Photograph by the Record Press.

### Over the Hills and Far Away.

There is pleasure in preparation when it is for holidays. Many intending holiday-makers are visiting Mark Cross, 89, Regent Street, to make themselves *au fait* with the latest luxuries for travel. The firm have made a specialty in pigskin, and are supplying all kinds of neat conveniences in it for men. There are little cases in different sizes to take rings, pins, and studs, the latter in little lift-out trays. There are rolls to carry razors—two, four, or seven. These are lined with rust-proof mocha, and fold up very closely. There are cases for ties, and expanding ones for handkerchiefs; there are collar-bags in two sizes, and a hat and cloth brush in a case no bigger than a pocket-book; a medicine-case, a shaving-mirror, flasks, the tops of which

Christian was there and Prince Henry of Prussia. Ere another Goodwood comes round she will be Countess Percy. One day she wore pale blue, another pale, cool green, another white, and it was difficult to decide in which this tall, fair, blue-eyed daughter of a ducal house, who will, in the course of time, be a very important Duchess, looked best. Countess Cadogan was looking very charming in pearl grey one day. The Countess of Ilchester, tall and handsome, looked delightful in clematis muslin with a big hat the same shade, almost the colour of her eyes. Mrs. William James was in striped blue and white muslin. It was Goodwood weather, when real summer toilettes could be worn. They looked delightful amid the sylvan surroundings. There was almost as much talk of politics as of races. If the fighters to a finish have done nothing else they have advertised the fight, the existence of which many people only remembered in a very apathetic kind of way.

### Kind to the Skin.

In the holidays, in stress of sun, wind, and dust, we are apt to forget the strain of these conditions on our skin until it reminds us of our unkindness by inflicting extreme discomfort on us. It is so much easier to be kind, too, an application of Beetham's Larola morning and evening being a sure protection. To test this, write to M. Beetham and Son, Cheltenham, sending three penny stamps, and asking for a sample box. This will contain a bottle of Larola, a tube of toothpaste, a packet of toilet-powder, and one of rose bloom, also a cake of delightfully scented soap. After all, one's face has to bear a great deal of exposure, and some consideration is due to it.

Something that everyone should see—and buy—is the Kinora, a home "motion-portrait" camera. It is small and portable, and

can be used by anyone, without previous photographic knowledge, both for motion-portraits and taking processions, sporting, marine and other scenes, the results being equal in interest to cinematograph pictures, but free from haziness or "flicker." The photographs are viewed by means of the hand or table Kinora, without magic-lantern, dark room, inflammable films, or other picture theatre paraphernalia. The Exhibition now open at Bond's, Limited, 138, New Bond Street, is free of charge, and the fullest information is at the visitor's disposal.

Knowing that "all roads lead to Rome," Messrs. Mappin and Webb have opened attractive new premises there at 385-386, Corso Umberto 1° (Palazza Theodoli). All their celebrated specialties in jewellery, table-ware in sterling silver and "Prince's plate," dressing-bags and dainty novelties of every description are on show, and visitors, while cordially invited to inspect the display, will not be importuned to buy.



THE CHAMPION LADY SWIMMER OF 1911: MISS ANTOINETTE THOMPSON, WINNER OF THE BATH CLUB CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The Bath Club Ladies' Challenge Shield, instituted in 1898, is generally regarded as the championship trophy for lady swimmers. At the fourteenth annual competition in the Bath Hall recently, the race was won by Miss Antoinette Thompson, who obtained 51 points out of 60. Miss Joyce Holman was second, and Miss Mary Thompson third.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS

**"Because of a Kiss."**

By LADY CONSTANCE.  
(Stanley Paul and Co.)

Margaret Selwyn was a poor relation and dependent in the house of Sir Burton and Lady Prescott. Wandering through the house at midnight in search of medicine for her pupil, she is rapturously embraced by a young rip of a peer, who is a neighbour of the family. He had mistaken her for Lady Prescott; and Margaret, with great presence of mind, allowed him first to compromise the lady, and then showed him the door. Thoughtfully retracing her steps, she finds Lady Prescott in her room, suspiciously cloaked, and thereupon opens a masterly plan of campaign. Having left her protectress thoroughly discomfited for the night, she holds a wily discourse with Sir Burton at breakfast, and caps her strategy by donning her habit and riding to Lord Ormantyre's, where, by threats of a horsewhipping which will surely be that young nobleman's fate should he allow the matter any publicity, she extorts from him an offer of marriage. As she constantly insists subsequently, it is to be merely an engagement *pour rire*; but she has observed that "a man scarcely cares to look at a girl unless she is inaccessible." Thus betrothed, and to a peer, she might go scalp-hunting with some prospect of success. Ormantyre humorously explains that the Jews will finish him if they get wind of a penniless bride, so he sees to it that she shall be dowered with a million very much *en l'air*, or rather underground, for it is supposed to have its origin in a coal-mine. With lovers, and prospective in-laws, and feminine cats prowling after Margaret that they may devour her, the fun grows boisterous, and would be unrestrained but for Margaret's monumental cynicism. And, by-the-way, it is inconceivable that so proudly original a creature should submit to auburn hair, that trade-mark of every cheap adventuress of twentieth-century romance. One reader at least devoutly believes that a young woman of her wide reading would be constrained out of self-respect to dye or bleach it. Nor would the drawing-room ballad have been her *coup d'état* to the emotions; surely Tosti's "Good-bye" has long been relegated to the fiction which is devoured in the kitchen by our educated "generals." Having grown accustomed to Margaret's habit of warbling like a Julia Mills, it is easy work to watch *pour rire* flash into *con amore* like a twinkling night-sign; to see Ormantyre's rich and eccentric aunt pouring her wealth by hundreds of thousands on their respective heads; to learn that a noble-minded though discomfited suitor has done some surveying on his own account, and thereby discovered a real coal-mine which will bring her two or

three thousand yearly—"pin-money," as he elegantly puts it; and many other surprising things. Lady Constance has made a spirited little farce of it all, in spite of some burlesque moments which might recommend it to Mr. Pellissier's theatre. Far be it from the pen of an entertained reviewer to drag its frail ingenuity beneath the wheels of credibility or good taste.

**"Love and the Agitator."**

By ELLIS LLOYD.  
(Century Press.)

Claude Dubois was a landscape-painter and "a village maiden she"! Here is matter familiar enough to be hoary. But for those not too fussy about the vintage there is plenty of new wine to be poured into this old bottle. Poor silly little Mary Rees, bowled over by her handsome artist, had already evoked the honest love, which is ever the traditional foil to Lovelace, in a capable young Welsh miner. Names of Labour Members written large on the political sands all remind us that Will Llewellyn also may attain the sublime, with "M.P." behind his name. Which he punctually does, among much talk of I.L.P.s and S.D.U.s. Will is the Welsh workman according to Keir Hardie, and yet the sympathy of the profane reader will remain with Claude in his terrible fate, even though, among other deplorable misdoings, he did "snore in a slovenly and disgusting manner."

**"The Indiscretions of a Lady's Maid."**

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.  
(Eveleigh Nash.)

Mariette le Bas, daughter of Jacques le Bas, peasant-proprietor of Pont-Pagny, near Auxerre in the Yonne, good needlewoman and hairdresser and the holder of the highest references, was singularly unlucky as a maid in her employers, and singularly fortunate for a *raconteur*. As she enters upon a new situation which is the seventeenth in two years the above reflection becomes an obvious one. The Registry Offices—*diable!* they are markets of humanity, specially dangerous to the young and good-looking; and the aristocracy—*tonnerre de Dieu*. One's life as *femme de chambre* is surely full of quaint variety. The variety is entirely one of crime. *Evidemment* the upper classes are absorbed in a career of charlatanry, fraud, and theft. Whether Mariette gratifies her roving instincts by attaching herself to gay rapid swallows of foreign resorts, or retires to a titled family in Bournemouth, that invalid town of much *réclame*, forgery and burglary are in the air of the boudoir. The indiscretions of her employers—for she herself appears to have been wonderfully discreet—do not stop at murder. And when she leaves the peer's household because the peeress has eloped, she hears the old butler mourning his master not as he would a son but as *his son*! *Assez!* indeed, Mariette! *Chose singulière!* *Quel monde!* Ah! *Quel monde!*

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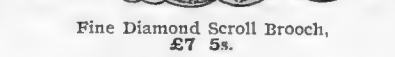
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## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with What it is like to be on a Racing Yacht; What are Puppets; Bathing to the Band in Berlin; Stage Scenery Extraordinary; Mlle. Karsavina; Armide giving her Scarf to the Vicomte; Mlle. Lantelme; the New Form of Fashion Plate; the Artistic Side of Costume-Designing; Striped and Stockinged for the Dip; Mlle. Alexandra Balashova.

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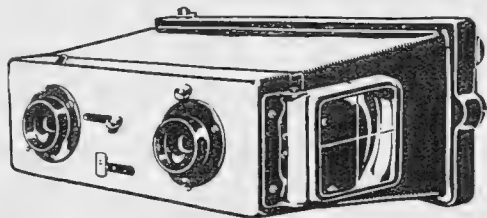
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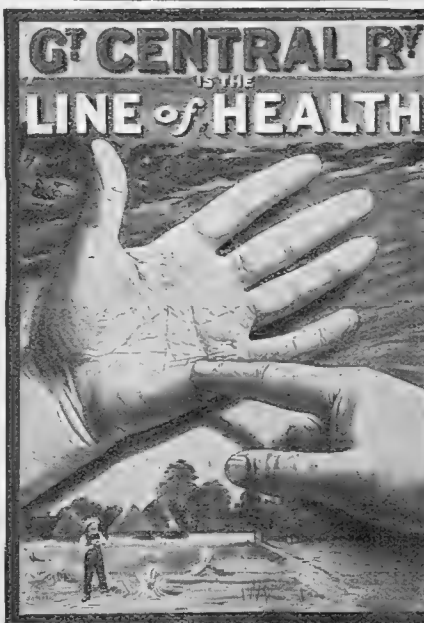
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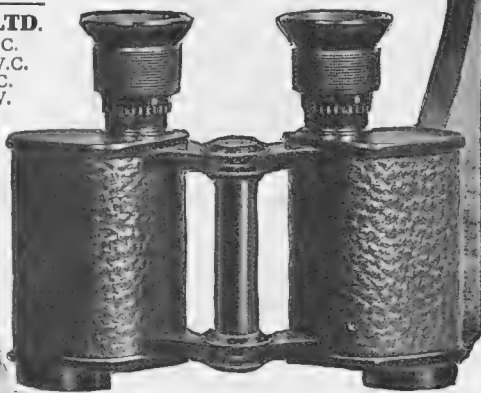
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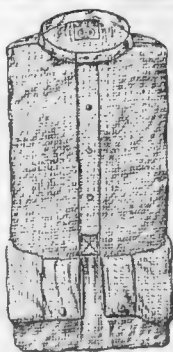
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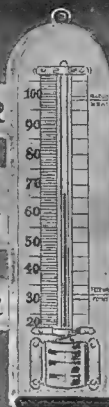


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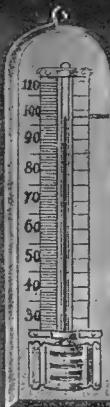
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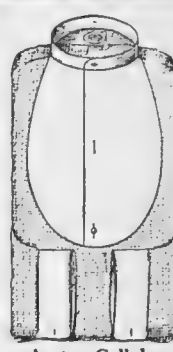
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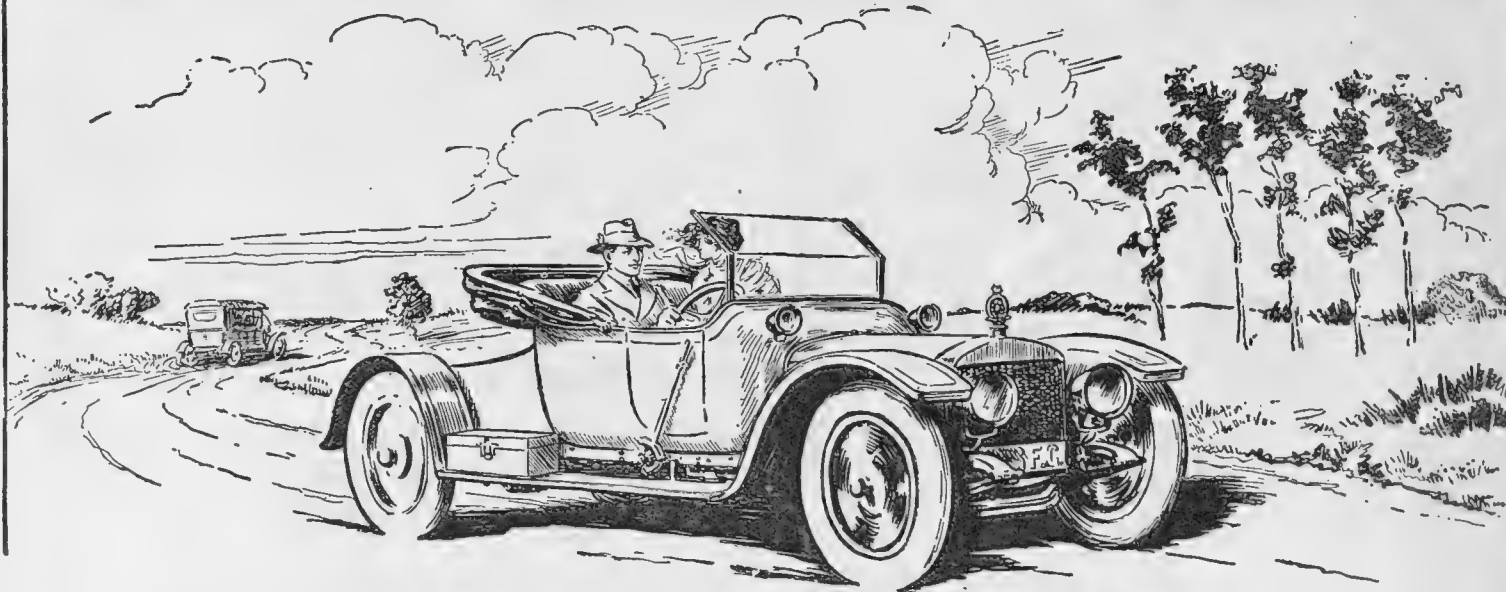
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a mileage every man desires and always finds in

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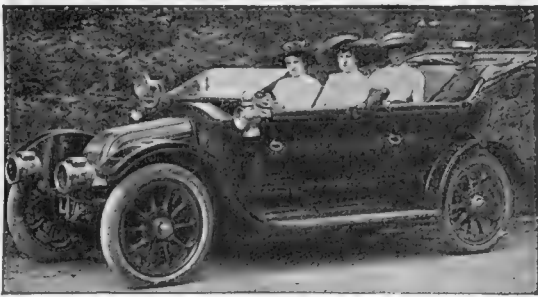
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### Nervousness, Neuralgia, Headaches, Influenza—

Madam Fanny Moody's name is so familiar that the popular prima donna's cordial appreciation of the benefits she has derived from Phosferine will be of great value and interest to all our readers. Madam Fanny Moody agrees with the great Caruso, Mlle. Ghita Corri, and other well-known singers, that the voice will always be in first-class condition when the nerve system is kept up to its full strength with Phosferine. Even the most experienced men and women have a foreboding of failure, or doubt their own powers at odd moments, and the feeling arises from an exhaustion of *nerve force*. In such circumstances a course of Phosferine is invaluable, and the most convincing proof of its efficacy is the fact of its being used by nearly all the well-known celebrities throughout the world. Madam Fanny Moody found Phosferine a positive safeguard against nervous breakdown; and, as a preventive of neuralgia, headaches, chills, and influenza, she says it is simply invaluable.

### A Certain Preventive.

Madam Fanny Moody writes: "Phosferine, in my opinion, cannot be praised too highly. I have used it, and can vouch for the extraordinary restorative properties it possesses. I have proved it invaluable for dispelling nervousness, neuralgia, and headaches; and it is also an excellent preventive against chills and influenza. One can keep one's voice in first-class condition by a judicious use of Phosferine previous to fulfilling an engagement. Arduous work and incessant study entailed a severe tax upon my energies, and I have found nothing restores the balance as readily as Phosferine. We artistes do not by any means escape the effects of the 'strenuous life,' and for such your admirable tonic Phosferine is priceless. From my own experience I have confidence in recommending it to my friends as being the most unfailing safeguard against that dreaded twentieth-century complaint 'nervous breakdown.'"

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**THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS**

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR			
Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
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Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



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from the Kentish Coast, in a stiff breeze and a  
very choppy sea. Not being a "good sailor" I  
had purchased some "Zotos," which kept me from  
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750 by 80...	1 6 0	2 7 3	1 1 3	2 12 6	3 15 9	1 3 3	0 18 9	1 14 2	0 15 5
800 by 80...	1 8 9	2 8 9	1 0 0	—	—	—	0 19 9	1 16 0	0 16 3
700 by 85...	1 10 1	2 14 8	1 4 7	—	—	—	0 18 0	1 12 9	0 14 9
750 by 85...	1 10 8	2 15 9	1 5 1	—	—	—	0 19 6	1 15 7	0 16 1
760 by 90...	1 13 0	3 0 0	1 7 0	2 14 5	3 17 9	1 3 4	1 5 7	2 6 6	1 0 11
810 by 90...	1 15 6	3 4 7	1 9 1	2 18 5	4 3 6	1 5 1	1 7 4	2 9 9	1 2 5
870 by 90...	1 18 1	3 9 4	1 11 3	3 3 3	4 10 4	1 7 1	1 10 2	2 14 11	1 4 9
910 by 90...	2 0 3	3 13 3	1 13 0	3 6 8	4 15 3	1 8 7	1 10 5	2 15 4	1 4 11
760 by 100...	1 16 3	3 6 0	1 9 9	2 15 6	3 19 6	1 4 0	1 8 5	2 11 9	1 3 4
810 by 100...	1 18 11	3 10 10	1 11 11	2 19 6	4 5 0	1 5 6	1 9 5	2 13 7	1 4 2
870 by 100...	2 2 1 2	3 14 10	1 13 8	3 7 11	4 15 0	1 7 1	1 13 0	3 0 0	1 7 0
910 by 100...	2 2 11	3 18 0	1 15 1	3 7 9	4 19 3	1 11 6	1 13 3	3 0 6	1 7 3
815 by 105...	2 2 0 5	3 13 6	1 13 1	3 2 1	4 8 9	1 6 8	1 9 10	2 14 3	1 4 5
875 by 105...	2 2 3 7	3 19 3	1 15 8	3 7 6	4 16 4	1 8 10	1 13 3	3 0 6	1 7 3
820 by 120...	2 2 7 1	4 5 7	1 18 6	3 15 1	5 7 3	1 12 2	1 17 0	3 7 3	1 10 3
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RUBMETAL.—This is oil and acid resisting material of the nature of indiarubber, invaluable for Engineering, Chemical Work, and Pump Manufacturing, &c.

## FURNESS, WITHY & CO., LTD.

THE Twentieth Annual Meeting of Furness, Withy, and Co., Ltd., was held at the registered offices, West Hartlepool, on Saturday, July 29, 1911, at noon.

The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting. LORD FURNESS, who presided, said—

This is our twentieth Annual Meeting, and I am reminded that I have had the privilege of presiding every year during that period. Great progress has marked the career of the Company in that time, and to-day I am able to congratulate you upon owning a property large in its extent, of wide connections, and full of strength and vitality.

### SATISFACTORY FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The accounts presented indicate that the trade recovery which had begun to assert itself in the second half of the previous year has been well maintained. The profit, including the balance brought forward, amounts to £564,339 14s. 7d., and compares with £431,752 12s. 4d. for the preceding year. The result is satisfactory, but it scarcely marks a condition of unbounded prosperity, and, apart from earnings, there are circumstances connected with the natural evolution of trade and its legislative regulation which bespeak the need for keeping a strict guard upon our resources.

The report shows that the interests of the Company are in a condition of progressive development upon sound lines. In such circumstances it would be easy for me to dilate upon the watchfulness and assiduity of your Directors and the responsible officials of the many departments of your business in compassing the successful management of this great undertaking. What I am more concerned to do is to point out the difficulties which beset the management of this and other equally large undertakings in the accomplishment of their task.

### THE RAPIDITY OF CHANGING CONDITIONS.

A generation ago such a Company as ours, well set in its policy and efficiently controlled, would have pursued a normal course, free over a series of years from any great disturbance of an external nature. To-day the conditions are entirely different. Ships and machinery are not by themselves in the enormous acceleration that has come to pass; scientific discoveries, new inventions, and the successful application of both have not lagged behind.

### THE DIESEL OIL-ENGINE.

Compound engines, that in my younger days held the field, gave place twenty-five years ago to those of triple-expansion type; more recently the turbine engine burst upon us, and to-day we are face to face with the displacement-threatened or promised, as you may prefer—imminent upon the introduction of the Diesel Oil-Engine, a development that, if the inventor's claims are made good, will revolutionise the methods of propulsion in shipping.

### COAL TO COMPETE WITH OIL.

Coal, the solid mineral that for so long has been our useful ally, may thus have to share its pre-eminence as a power-producing force with another and liquid mineral. The distribution of oil is at least as wide as that of coal, its manipulation is easier, and I do not know that its dangers are in any degree greater. What may be the ultimate effect upon coal production is not easy of imagination, but we may possibly have to calculate with another element of trade disturbance, and one that may be as great in its effects as most that have preceded it. The rapidity of the changes we are called upon to deal with is the feature which makes the great call upon the commercial men of to-day, and is the test of their mental ability and equipment.

### THE ECONOMIES OF THE DIESEL OIL-ENGINE.

Among the claims presented in regard to the Diesel Engine are the circumstance that the weight of fuel used is but a fifth part of that required for a first-class steam plant of equal horse-power; that, ton for ton, less stowage space is needed, and that the stowage can be accomplished in double bottoms—such as, I would point out, our Fleet possesses—leaving more cargo accommodation, which, after all, is the source of real earning power. Again, oil can be taken on board, both rapidly and cleanly, through pipes and with the minimum of labour; and further advantages arise from the saving of space usually occupied by boilers and condensers, and of the services of the men so employed.

Your Company has had the privilege of placing the first order in this country for equipping a large-sized cargo vessel with engines of the Diesel type. A steamer of over 3000 tons carrying capacity, she is being built by Sir Raylton Dixon and Co. of Middlesbrough, and the construction of her engines has been entrusted to Messrs. Richardsons, Westgarth, and Co., Ltd. In giving that order, as in placing the order for the first pair of turbines that crossed the Atlantic, I was animated by the double idea of encouraging our home engine-builders and making tests on a practical scale. The whole thing, on its commercial side, is in the nature of an experiment, but we are taking such a part as befits the standing of so important a Company as ours is, and one also that its interests call for.

### LEGISLATIVE RESTRICTIONS ON TRADE.

Coming to the responsibilities imposed upon trade by legislation, the Income Tax, as to its rate, is becoming so great that one sometimes wonders whether shareholders take into account sufficiently the advantage they derive in receiving dividends free of impost. The Compensation Act also has thrown increasing charges upon industrial undertakings, and it will be our duty to provide for the outlay arising under the National Insurance Bill, if it becomes law. From one point of view, all these things act in restriction of trade—narrowly looked at they seem to hamper us in competition with other nations; but, taking the long view, we are bound to recognise that anything which tends to promote the general fitness of the population is in the best interests of commerce. The supremacy of Great Britain, and the unchallenged position of her trade, can only be maintained at the hands of a healthy, sober, contented, and prosperous industrial population.

### STRENGTHENING THE RESERVES.

That is the main reason why we are not proposing to you a larger bonus to-day. We can only be prosperous by being strong and by looking to all that is before us. Your Directors deem it to be in the best interests of the Company that a substantial sum should be set aside as a Trade's Contingencies Fund. Similar steps have been taken by at least one important foreign company, and your Directors are themselves fully alive to the wisdom of the course they propose. The stability of the Company has always been one of their chief concerns. Even at the time when no portion of the share capital was held by the public, a conservative policy was adopted.

It is in no sense a monopoly that we hold. The operations of extensive business have to be conducted in the open markets of the world amidst severe competition. That competition is growing, and we cannot afford to risk being "driven against the wall." Furthermore, the contests which arise between capital and labour are to-day upon a colossal scale, and there is need for a special reserve of funds whereby to replace the loss involved, since, in the present state of society, these hindrances to the smooth working of business appear to be inevitable.

### A DEPENDABLE INCOME VERSUS LARGE BONUSES.

Such happenings tend to unsteady the dividend return on investment, and the step now proposed is in line with the fixed policy of your Board to secure in all possible ways a dependable income for the holders of the Company's stock. Upon these grounds, then, your Directors have decided, and unanimously decided, to recommend that a sum of £50,000 be set apart to provide the nucleus of such a fund as I have sketched out; and the limitation of the bonus on this occasion to 2½ per cent.

### THE COMPANY'S DIVIDEND RECORD.

The inherent strength of the Company is indicated by the fact that it always and without exception pays a dividend. Even a reliable five per cent. has strong attractions for investment, but if you examine into the whole of the distributions made since a public subscription of capital was invited, you will find that over the long period of years that the public have owned shares in the Company the average return on the Ordinary shares has been at the rate of nine and seven-tenths per cent. per annum, free of any deduction for Income Tax. Results such as these bear testimony to efficiency of management.

### TURNOVER AND SHAREHOLDERS.

For the past year the turnover, representing freights and receipts from all sources, amounted to £5,937,356 2s. 2d., as compared with £5,632,801 7s. 2d. for the preceding year, an increase of £304,554 15s. Our shareholders number 8911, being 74 more than the previous year. As you are aware, the Company has no debentures, these having been paid off five years ago, nor are there any charges upon its property beyond the ordinary trading liabilities. It has borrowing powers up to £450,000, which sum is available at any time.

### PROSPECTS FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

Business conditions now prevailing, and which are sufficiently indicated in the Report, show that as a Company we are enjoying a healthy measure of trade prosperity: our fleet well employed in remunerative business and our shipbuilding establishments in a thriving condition, although the construction of new tonnage generally is proceeding at such a rate as may well give us pause. The figures for June 1911 are the highest ever recorded, and about double those for the corresponding period of 1909. At the end of last quarter there were 496 merchant vessels of 1,476,394 tons gross being built in the United Kingdom, in addition to 64 vessels of 415,540 tons displacement for the Navy. The amount of employment involved not only in construction but in the production of the requisite material, must be such that one can only hope that the trade of the world will be maintained in volume to justify this expansion of capacity and prevent any fluctuations of a disturbing nature.

As regards the Company's current financial year, of which practically three months have gone, the results are very satisfactory indeed, and the dividends from our investments for the same period are quite up to expectation.

I now move the adoption of the Report and Accounts for the past year.

This was seconded by Mr. S. W. Furness, M.P., and after being supported by others, the motion was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

With the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman the proceedings were brought to a close.

# ELEY

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The fact that ELEY Cartridges are the outcome of nearly a hundred years' experience gives some assurance of Quality.

The fact that ELEY Cartridges are invariably selected by the leading sportsmen in every part of the world reinforces that assurance.

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They can be obtained loaded with any standard powder.

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**ALWAYS RELIABLE**




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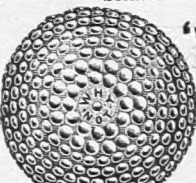
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## WHERE TO GO FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE Brighton and South Coast Railway announce eight or fifteen days' cheap tickets on Friday, Aug. 4, to all the coast resorts on the line. A special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe runs from London by express day and night services Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 5, a special service leaves Victoria for Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris at 2.20 p.m., available for holders of ordinary and excursion tickets, first, second, and third class, and a restaurant car will be run to Paris. Cheap week-end visits to Dieppe and Brighton are offered (fares 16s. third class, 22s. second class, 30s. first class): tickets issued Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 4 to 7, for return up to and including the night service of Wednesday, Aug. 9, with an optional visit to Brighton on the Wednesday.

The Great Western August Bank Holiday and Excursion booklets gives details of a splendid series of trips for the most diverse tastes. Express excursions at cheap fares will be run from Paddington Station to Dorset, Somerset, Sunny Devon, the Cornish Riviera, Channel Isles, Wales, the Midlands, Ireland, Isle of Man, Beautiful Brittany, etc., most of the trains being with corridor carriages. For the August Bank Holiday, the day trip, at remarkably low fares, to Killarney, Wexford, and the Vale of Ovoca is worth making. The

departure from Paddington is at 8.40 p.m., Sunday, Aug. 6, and passengers get eight hours in Killarney or eleven in Ovoca. On that day fast excursions run to every place of interest on the system. Half-day trips run on Monday, Aug. 7, to Evesham, Worcester, Malvern Link, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, and on Tuesday to Banbury, Leamington, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, etc.

The Midland programme of Bank Holiday excursions gives holiday-makers a choice of upwards of five hundred places, and may be obtained free on application. Among special attractions are a daylight excursion to Scotland on Saturday, Aug. 5, for eight or sixteen days (corridor carriages with restaurant-cars). It will run every Saturday until Sept. 2; also a half-day non-stop corridor-express excursion to Matlock, Rowsley, and Bakewell on Aug. 7, and on Wednesdays to Sept. 6, to Derby, Matlock, and Rowsley. Cheap half-day excursions run on Saturdays and Thursdays. Monday, Aug. 7, for one day, to Kettering and Bromford Bridge (Birmingham Races); to Birmingham for one, two, four, or five days; and to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, and Sheffield for half, one, two, or three days.

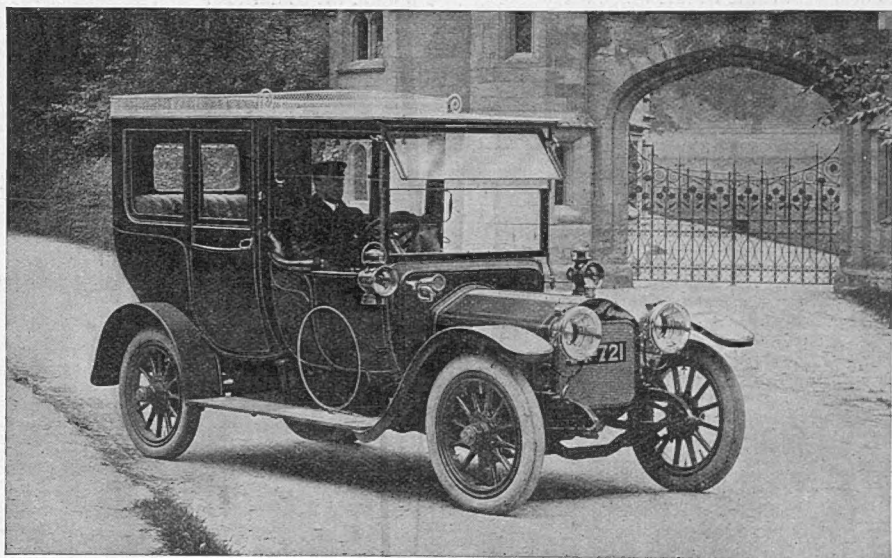
"Fashions," by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, is both entertaining and interesting. It contains illustrations of all kinds of coats for both sexes. Apply at address given, or send for self-measurement forms if unable to call.

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Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

August 2, 1911.

Signature.....





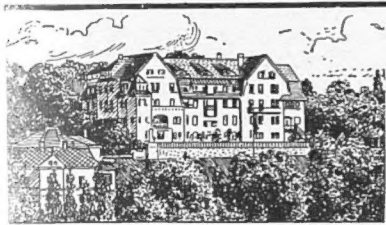
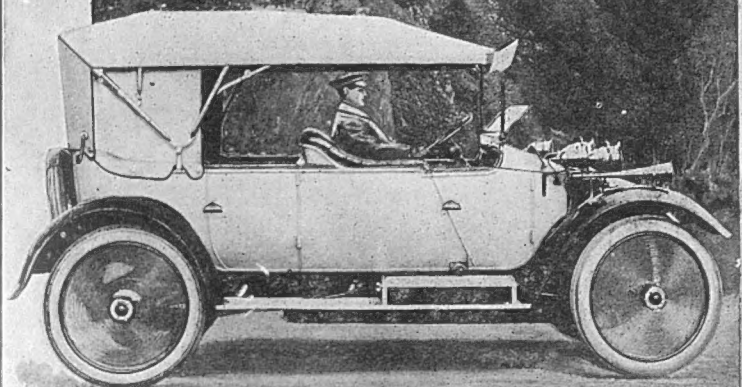
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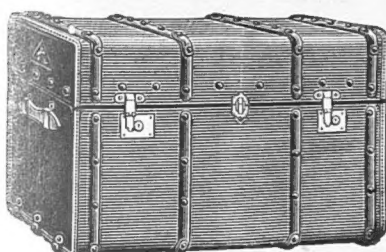
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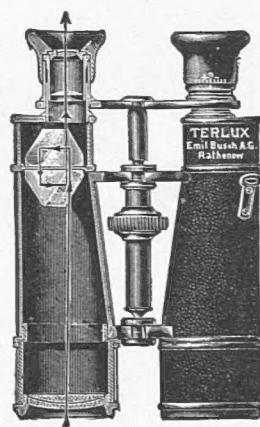
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